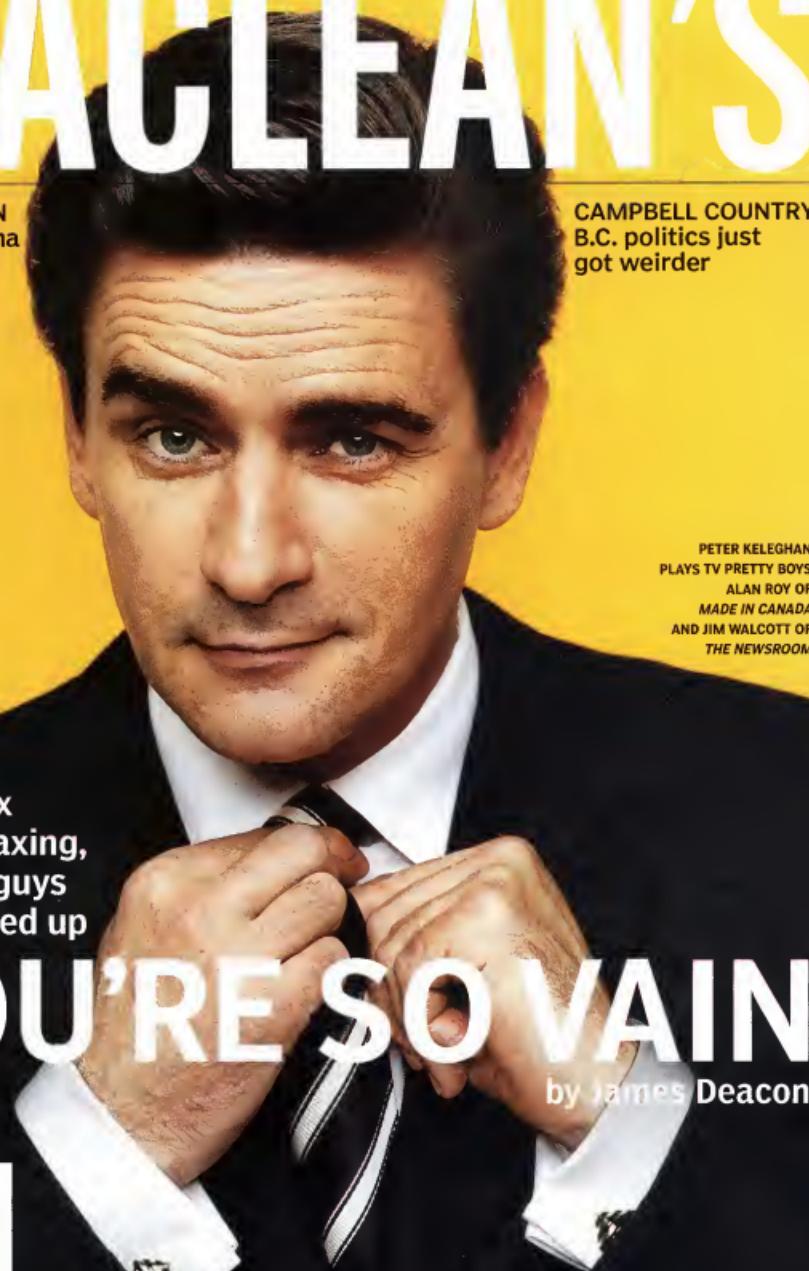


MACLEAN'S



INVISIBLE MAN
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PETER KELEGHAN
PLAYS TV PRETTY BOYS
ALAN ROY OF
MADE IN CANADA
AND JIM WALCOTT OF
THE NEWSROOM

From Botox
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Canadian guys
are all dolled up

YOU'RE SO VAIN

by James Deacon

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MEN AT (BODY) WORK

When Shakespeare said 'what a piece of work is Man', he didn't include Botox

TWO OF THE MOST dignified men I've ever encountered are Jean Beliveau and John Kenneth Galbraith. I met Beliveau, as I've previously written, when I was a teenager doing volunteer minor hockey work. Le Gros Bill, his playing-motivations, was twice president of the Montreal Canadiens. He showed up in his office and treated me as a peer—never appearing impatient or put-downing. I met Galbraith, the great Canadian historian and academic, in 1999. I had called him after Harvard University wanting to do a telephone interview. To my surprise and delight, I received an invitation to visit him and his family at their country place in southern Vermont. Over an afternoon, he treated me like an old friend. After our chat, he sent a generous, soaring note which now sits, framed, in my office.

I remember much about body meetings—but nothing about what either man wore. And I'm all the certain that neither man has ever been exposed to a Botox needle, pinstriped implants, or any of the other forms of beauty enhancement that writer James Deacon discusses in our cover package on male vanity this week. Sure, nature has been especially kind to Beliveau, now in his 70s, and Galbraith, still active in his mid-90s; each possesses an intense, almost Olympian grace. They wear their achievements and their ages comfortably, and the two are unusually measured.

Which is, of course, the point. In some ways, it's tempting to describe the pruning and pruning process that many men subject themselves to these days to the final riving of femininity now, males undergoing the same cosmetic rituals that have driven generations of women to distraction and despair. But that's unfair to bring the rap on women: we do the same to ourselves. To a point, it's great to see men pay more careful attention to appearance, because doing so also translates for everyone—ourselves included. Looking back on my teenage days again, I remember the year a new mach-

took over our local junior hockey team—a rough, unruly group whose sonic collective talent was in inverse proportion to their ability to work together. The new coach instigated a dress code: all players had to wear a jock and tie to the rink for games. They won the provincial championship that year, while that obviously had more to do with ability than appearance; several of them and the coach code contributed to a sense of discipline and shared identity.

We all know people who take perverse pride in being the sworn dressed or least-formal person at any occasion. That's fine, so long as they understand that if you look as though you couldn't care less, others will likely resent that way you're going.

Practicality also counts for a lot—which is why, on weeknights, my primary consideration in dressing is anything a son's friends fear: for example, one with little hair or food. Among older men and women who wear colour and Botox, many say they do so because of the relentless emphasis on youth in the workplace. One way of looking younger is bypassing fit, which makes perfect sense. And concerning certain dangers, Men, as novices to this stuff, have a big learning curve: a 55-year-old guy who dyes his grey hair blonde should, for example, understand that the overall effect will look about as natural as a dog wearing shoes. Dito for middle-aged men who shave their chins into styles meant for guys half their age. The basic rule of thumb is, or should be, that you are what you are. And when Shakespeare said "what a piece of work is Man," you can be certain he wasn't talking about liposuction and calf implants.

representmacleans.ca to comment on The Editor's Letter.

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THE MAIL

If the Alberta way? (Editor, Nov 18) As one who has lived on and off for 10 years in the United States, I was reminded of the great immigration of Germans to that country during the first half of the 20th century. They came not as refugees, but to make a sustainable contribution to the entire society, without relying on the government to solve their problems, as so many Canadians seem to do. Perhaps there is a parallel with the influx of Americans into Alberta. My long observation tells me that what made that province unique was not only its creativity and the willingness to take gigantic risks, but also good old common sense. Witness re-handling of Kyoto and health care. Maybe Alberta can be an important influence in establishing an elected Senate, helping the representation for the smaller provinces as well as check-and-balance to the House and the Prime Minister. The Australians have done it while preserving their parliamentary system.

A. R. Phillips, London, Ont.

There is a lot of naughtiness in the way the writer explains why Alberta does things the way it does, citing inflexibility, complex, image problem and other light-hearted reasons. And he plays safe by identifying himself as an Albertan. There is no inclination from him to indicate that Alberta's tendencies could be danger signs for the country. I'd be interested to see this naughtiness in a follow-up when Alberta successfully wins the Cherry Act to separate from the country. That will be triggered by two coming events, Kyoto and the amalgamation of the Alliance Party in Eastern Canada in the next election.

Albert Gatchis, Calgary

parallels to war

Ruth Robra-Jeffrey remembers the daughter of the Second World War and says, "How could anyone want that again?" ("They say we," The Mail, Nov 18). Well, she couldn't and I couldn't, but the trouble is, others infesting our world today could and do. I remember the furies. We heard, but didn't want to hear, the screeching, ballyhooing rabble-rouser Adolf Hitler agreeing 100,000 impressionable young men into a great, roaring ring of "Ring Bell Sing Hell." We heard, but didn't want to hear, Winston Churchill, a voice in the wilderness, warning of the horrors to come.

Whether we will it or not, whether prepared or not, we were plunged into a war we did not want, had not sought or started, but had to fight. We did fight it well and with credit after the spilling of a lot of Canadian blood. But let it be admitted, it was partly because we had luck, partly because we had the Churchills and the Andy McNaughtons, partly because we and the U.S. were isolated by geography, partly because Hitler, with his many stupid mistakes, was at times on our side, and partly because the U.S. came in to help. One would have to change only a few words in that to make it apply today. But we must not delude ourselves; we are no longer isolated geographically, and there now is an international bandit, Saddam, probably much more clever than Hitler. We have only pale shades of the Churchills and the McNaughtons, but never mind. Should Canada support the U.S.? Yes, emphatically yes. George Bush is no saint, the CIA and army of angels, the radiatory industrial complex is alive and well. But if we work for a saint supported by angels and a band of selfless, non-profit-seeking, altruistic corpo-

rations, we will wait a long time. Unless, of course, we die in spite of radiation burns inflicted by Saddam.

War and deceit

The stories "Honour on Verrières Ridge" (History) and "Gassing for the firing squad" ("The Maclean's Except") in the Nov. 18 issue confirm the Canadian military's practice of cover-up, denial, glorification and deceit. This was true during the Second World War and the Stalini cover-up and was well documented by MacLean's in the 1998 series of articles including "Scape in the military," "Abuse of power," "Mystery at Gaggenau," and "It's a small world." The fact that reporters had no access to war operations in Afghanistan and that the military tightly controlled all the "news" from the front of war increases more cover-up and deceit. The calls for more military spending are multiplying, but how can we support an institution that consistently lies and then has the audacity to insist it's telling the truth?

Sue Hobart, Edmonton

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MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



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Phone calls from spouses battling over letters to the editor. A man who wanted a subscription gift card to "photograph his mother-in-law going over Niagara Falls." Even a complaint about an ill-fitting bra. After 29 years with Maclean's, Marlys Julius has seen—and heard—it all.

The manager of customer service for Maclean's, as well as *C'retard*, *Chatterbox*, *Chatterbox*, *Profit*, *Flare*, *MoneySense*, *Toddy's Parent* and Canadian Business, Julius and her 13 colleagues field more than 250,000 customer requests per year, but nothing prepared her for the Chatterbox subscriber who was dissatisfied with the fit of a bra advertised in the magazine.

"My male colleague who took the call turned beet red and handed me the phone," laughs Julius.

Language challenges aside, Julius says her job requires patience and a willingness to listen. "I enjoy talking to people and solving problems. When people feel listened to, it's usually easy to work things out."

Julius's department processes new and renewed subscriptions, address and name changes, send-free and mailing preferences. They also check payment and subscription status and delivery problems. "Readers who are lucky enough to spend the winter down south can even have Maclean's redirected to them free of charge," she says.

Until 2006, changes and complaints were handled primarily by mail because few employees had their own phones. While telephone is now the primary contact point, it is quickly being replaced by a 24/7 on-line subscription account management system, accessible at www.maclean's.ca/service. "Thanks to technology, we're faster, more efficient and cost-effective than ever," notes Julius.

For further information, contact behindthescenes@maclean's.ca. To contact Subscriber Services, call 1-888-MACLEAN (3-628-5328).

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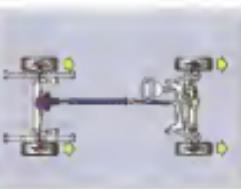
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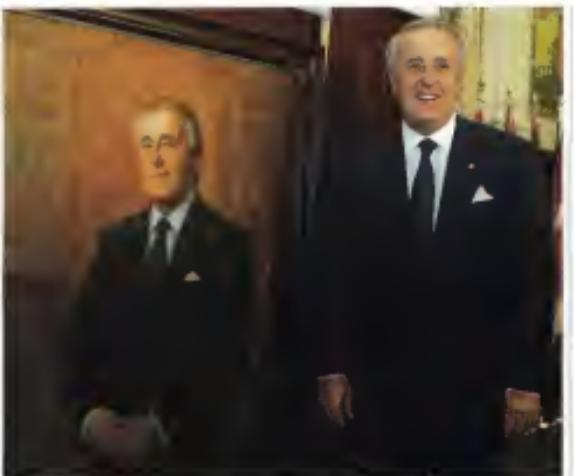


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Ottawa | Hanging a former prime minister

It was by most accounts, a fine day for a hanging. About 250 invitees were on hand, including some with Brian Mulroney's initials marks still evident on their partition bibles. And from the moment the official portrait of the former Conservative prime minister was unveiled on Parliament Hill, it was clear that the old boozehound had lost his touch for the cut and thrust. Within unconfonfable Jean Chretien looking on—no friends there now, remember the Ariane investigation—a jolting Mulroney went on at length about the care and feeding of his majority caucus, calling them men of debates “the very essence of parliamentary democracy.” It was vintage Mulroney. His final return to Parliament Hill since his resignation in 1993 and his how-to gathering up the trace of the scatological Grata.

It was his day, of course. There was no

mention talk of a Mulroney comeback. (Who arrested that survivor?) And only passing mention of the fact that if you take the portrait, by Justinian-born Montreal artist Igor Bobetko, from a certain angle, the right-lipped smile looks suspiciously like a snarl. Canada's Miss Lead Wife, Deputy followed in Mulroney's wake as wife Linda, who is on the keto diet with the small American flag? It was 1986. The Liberals only had the giving directions to someone who used he was there for the unveiling. In a term-filled world, the parliamentary insider was the subject of pointed inquiries at the week were on. But Mulroney was unperturbed. Watching the professor being hauled away, he turned to his Liberal friends and sighed, “Ah, remember the old days, Jean, when we would have had guys like that in.”

Quote of the week: “The part of political life I miss the most is my caucus. I respected their sacrifice and commitment. Their preoccupations became my priorities.”

BRIAN MULROONEY, reflecting on his time in Ottawa during the unveiling of his portrait on Parliament Hill

ScoreCard

Allen Thomson
Canada's newest man devotes private art collection—nearly 2,000 works worth some \$20 million—to the Art Gallery of Ontario, giving the billion-dollar-museum model's replacement as a dignified

Paul Martin
man who would be Prime Minister says he's “frustrated” to vote in ratify Kyoto. This suggests he prefers national consultation on mitigation of climate change over a well-known cop-out to the greenhouse gas-limiting accord. Hey Paul—how is that view from the fence?

Princess Anne
First British royal since Charles' father died in 1949 to become a member of a criminal offense, after pleading guilty to letting her English bulldog Delta bite two children. This time, judge imposes fines, not death penalty. Maybe it's true what they say about princesses: their punishment is likely to be small.

Mulroney's widow
Bertha left town before clearing, then gaping, face from fourth-floor balcony of his Berlin hotel. She died last April 16, a thicker smile on her face.

Syndrome students
Thirty per cent of 1,250 young adults tested in nine countries, including Canada, could not locate the Pacific Ocean on a world map. The body of water only comes around the continents.

Blood scandal charges

The RCMP laid 13 charges against four individuals, Amherst Pharmaceutical Co. and the Canadian Red Cross Society, in connection with the tainted blood scandal. In the 1980s, thousands of people were infected with HIV and hepatitis C through tainted blood and tainted blood products. Charged after a five-year investigation are two former senior bureaucrats at Health Canada, the former head of Red Cross's blood program, and a former Amherst vice-president (the company manufactured blood products used to treat hemophiliacs). "The Canadian public needs to have confidence in their public institutions," said Sup. Bill Knauth, head of the RCMP's Blood Task Force. "The Canadian public has the right to expect the safest blood products possible."

Killer Karla's pact revisited

The book is called *Karla A Pact with the Devil*. But police are looking into whether Karla Homolka broke her pact with the province of Ontario when she provided the book's author, Stephen Williams, with information about her life behind bars. Homolka and her now-husband Paul Bernardo were convicted of the串殺ings of teenagers Kristen French and Leslie Mahaffy in St. Catharines, Ont. But in 1993, before Crown officials knew there were videotapes revealing Homolka's willing participation in the murders, they agreed to a 12-year sentence for Homolka, who was convicted in 1995 and received a

life sentence. Under the terms of the deal, Homolka, who is due for release in July 2015, is not allowed to profit from her crime through the sale of books or by giving interviews.

Free labour and casinos

Almost three months after being exonerated by the B.C. Supreme Court over the same issue, former premier Grace Clark was found guilty of violating conflict-of-interest guidelines when she allowed a friend's nonresidential application. The previous's conflict committee and Clark, who resigned as premier in August, 1999, as a result of a police probe into the scandal, breached two sections of B.C.'s Conflict of Interest Act when he knowingly accepted free labour in his home from Dennis Johnson, who was seeking the licence from the former NDP government. The B.C. government wants Clark to pay \$53,000 toward the cost of the conflict-of-interest hearing, but is undecided whether Clark needs to pay up. "I have been exonerated," he said last week, in reference to the B.C. Supreme Court decision.

Wacko Jacko

Maybe he just wanted to show off his new baby. But even on the most giddy what Michael Jackson held his nine-month-old son, Prince Michael II, in one arm and danced barefoot over the edge of his fourth floor, hotel room balcony in Berlin. The scene, seen around the world in TV broadcasts and newspapers, outraged child welfare auth-

orities. "It's not something anyone in their right mind would do," said Karen Sheld of the Ontario Association of Children's Aid Societies. It's not the first time Jackson's dealings with children have been questioned. In 1994 he reached a multi-million-dollar settlement over a sex abuse case involving a teenage boy Jackson has two other children, son Prince Michael, 3, and daughter Paris, 4, with ex-wife Debbie Rowe. Prince Michael II's mother's name has not been released.

What rhymes with money?

All Ruth Lilly ever mortified for the poems she wrote for Poetry magazine in the 1970s were rejection letters. But Lilly, heir to the Eli Lilly pharmaceutical fortune, clearly never held that against the Chicago-based publication's editors. Now 87 and ailing, she had last week that she is giving the journal an estimated US\$100 million bequest. The gift would turn the little-known magazine into one of the richest publications in the world. Joseph Parisi, editor of the 90-year-old magazine, said the money would be put into a foundation and used to promote poetry. As well, the publication intends to expand its staff, currently with four members, and move to better offices.

Han on the edge

Tension between Intel's hard-liners and reformers increased as student allies and strikers continued to demonstrate in Taiwan in support of human rights. Halton Agajanian, considered to be executed for blasphemy. Supreme

**Philanthropy | Thomson masters the art of the donation**

It's the largest gift ever made to a Canadian cultural institution. Last week, Ken Thomson, the mild-mannered millionaire with a passion for art, announced that he will donate his entire private collection (estimated value: \$300m) to the Art Gallery of Ontario. The Toronto tycoon will also provide \$75 million for an addition to his downtown gallery to accommodate his donation of nearly 2,000 works. The revision of AGO, expected to be completed by 2009, is in the hands of Toronto-born architect Frank Gehry, who visited with him at the sensational, swirling lens of the much-touted Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao, Spain. "There will be a curve or two in it," says the California-based artist. "It's only in fine blocks from the modest house where he grew up. "But it will not look like Bilbao. It will be different

from most museums—it will be personal."

For Thomson, the decision to transfer his personal treasures to a public gallery is the right thing to do. "My children realize I'm taking something from their inheritance when I do this," says Thomson. "that doesn't concern them. They want me to be happy. I can afford to do this and it makes me feel good to do it." Thomson spent half a century assembling a collection that features some of the finest examples of European and Canadian paintings, sculptures and decorative works. To his wife, Elizabeth, "in a beautiful space of its own in a lovely refurbished art gallery, and not scattered to the four winds, is a dream come true," says Thomson. "And having Goya on board is the frosting on the cake."

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Leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei has ordered a review of Afghanistan's case in an apparent effort to defuse the row. Analysts and Khamenei's intervention revealed how concerned the religious leadership is about the student protests, which turned violent when demonstrators clashed with Khamenei's supporters. Reformers allied to President Mohammad Khatami accuse Khamenei of using the clashes as an excuse for further crackdowns on moderates.

Fatal attraction

The winner in the Miss World contest was so beautiful, suggests the northern Nigerian newspaper *Red Day*, that the prophet Muhammad would have chosen a wife from among the contestants. That article launched a bloodbath by Muslims who considered it blasphemous. During the pageant in several cities at least 100 people were killed; Christians reacted and churches marched. Muslim groups have condemned the Miss World pageant, scheduled to be held on Dec. 7 in the Nigerian capital, Abuja, claiming it promotes sexual promiscuity and indecency. Pageant organizers say the message—"after careful consideration of all the issues involved," they moved the event to London.

Elections and blood

Yasser Arafat had called on Palestinian radicals to stop the latest wave of suicide bombings. Continuing violence would, after all, only add to the Jan. 23 elections chances of Israel's right-wing Likud party. But Arafat failed—

with bloody consequences. Last week, a bomber boarded a train in Jerusalem and blew himself up, killing 31 people, many of them schoolchildren. The death toll was a blow to Amanat Mousa, the newsletter of the Labour party. If elected, Mousa has said he would pull Israeli soldiers out of some occupied territories, renew many of the Jewish settlers from Ami-Batya and open negotiations with Arafat. But polls show Mousa badly trailing hard-line Avigdor Liberman, who wants an end to violence and a new Palestinian leadership before talks can resume.

Encouraging results

It has all the signs of a breakthrough in the cancer front. Researchers at the University of Washington in Seattle and 15 other universities reported a 100-per-cent success rate with an experimental vaccine designed to train women immune to a sexually transmitted virus that causes 99 percent of cervical cancers. Working with almost 2,400 sexually active young women, scientists gave the vaccine, developed by Merck & Co. Inc., to half and a placebo to the rest. Not one of the vaccinated women developed infection or precancerous growths during a study period covering 27 to 29 months. 41 of the others were infected and nine had cervical growths. Last year, 1,000 Canadian women were diagnosed with the cancer, 410 died of it. Some years down the road, the researchers expect, a vaccine administered to women before they become sexually active could drastically reduce those numbers.

BY MICHAEL DE AGOSTI



Passages

CONNECTED Princess Anne, the only daughter of the Queen, pleaded guilty to violating the Dangerous Dogs Act, after her loose English bull terrier bit two children in Windsor Great Park. The judge fixed the罚金 to the equivalent of \$1,244 for spans of the life of her dog. Dowdy Princess Anne, 32, is the first member of the royal family to be convicted of a criminal offence in over 300 years.

DEAD Montreal native William Marshall joined the National Ballet of Canada in 1990 and was promoted to principal dancer in 2001. In March, he left the company to perform on Broadway in *Dynasty* Théâtre's musical *Marién' Out*, based on the songs of Billy Joel. Marshall, 33, died from injuries sustained in a motorcycle accident in New York City.

DEAD Alpha Khan was born in Cape Town, South Africa, grew up in Britain and, in 1947, was instrumental in convincing the United Nations to partition Palestine and allow the creation of a Jewish state. The formally elegant statesman was later named ambassador to the United States and was Israel's foreign minister from 1966 to 1974. Khan, 87, died in a hospital near Tel Aviv.

OVERTURNED An Italian appeals court exonerated former prime minister Giulio Andreotti, of the 1978 murder of a journalist—overturning a 1999 verdict. Andreotti, 83, was sentenced to 24 years in jail—but will likely be under house arrest. His lawyers are pushing for a quick appeal.

CONVICTED Montreal businessman Harry Bloomfield, 58, who was once with the Business Development Bank of Canada, was found guilty in New York City of conspiracy and falsifying business records in a \$151.7-million "pump and dump" stock scheme.

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THE WEEK



NATO | 'He's not a moron'

The focus was supposed to be on acceding to NATO. And, gathering in Prague, the 19 current members of the alliance did intend to that order of business by admitting seven countries that had formerly been part of the Soviet bloc—Bulgaria, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Romania, Slovakia and Slovenia. But George W. Bush arrived with his own agenda: Iraq. Calling on NATO to become an alliance against terrorism, Bush asked the others to support tough measures against Saddam Hussein, including war if necessary. NATO leaders agreed to strongly condemn Iraq. But they stopped short of endorsing a military campaign if Saddam fails to comply with UN demands to disarm, with at least one member—Germany—

remaining strongly opposed to any war.

If there was frustration with Bush's attempt to control the agenda and focus on Iraq, it remained far the most pernicious. But not so with Jean Chrétien's senior communications adviser, François Dufour. In remarks overheard by journalists, she said of the President, "when a moron." At a time when relations between Bush and Chrétien are already tense, the Prime Minister tried to smooth things over by saying that Bush "is not a moron at all—he is a friend." Such statements did little to appease the opposition, who called for Dufour's resignation. She offered it to Chrétien, but the PM did not accept it.

In the end, it all deflected attention from a historic moment: While former Eastern bloc countries had earlier gained acceptance

into NATO—the Czech Republic, Hungary and Poland in 1999—last week's admission of the three Baltic states brought the alliance to Russia's doorstep. From Prague, Bush flew to St. Petersburg to reassure President Vladimir Putin that the expansion posed no threat to Russia or anyone else. "Bilateral relations are good and are only going to get better," Bush later said. In a long shadow, in Latvian President Vaira Vike-Freiberga noted,

"Latvia lost its independence for a very long time," and the former Université de Montréal professor, who lived in Canada for 45 years, "and knows the meaning of independence and the loss of it, knows the meaning of security, and the loss of it."

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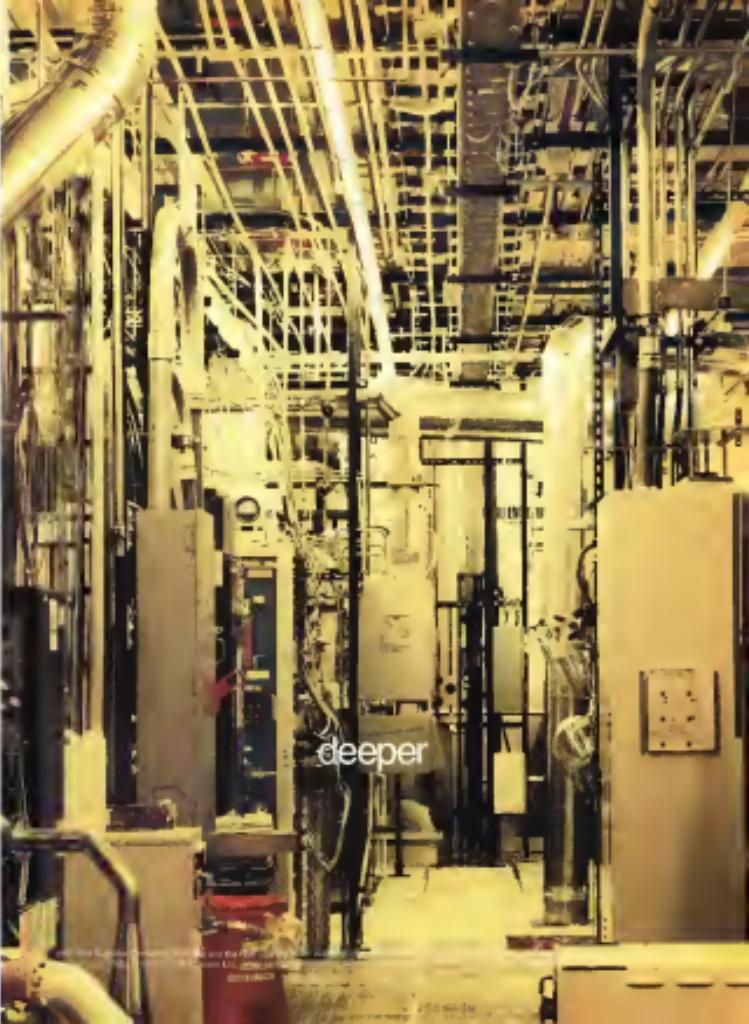
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A CAMPBELL FEUD?

Vancouver's leftist mayor-elect may be headed for a showdown with B.C.'s right-wing premier

JIM GREEN, long-time champion of Vancouver's down-and-dirty, was packing on his cellphone last week, trying to make sense of the Nov. 16 city election that swept him, and the entire left-leaning Coalition of Progressive Electors slate, into office, when he was greeted by a powdalling constituent. "I voted for you," the guy said, his gravel-crusher voice carrying over the phone. "And I need \$2 to get to the food bank." Councillor Green went between his office and Des-2, but already the bill was due. He fished \$2 in his coat from his pocket and carried on with his phone interview.

He was talking about the inner meaning and immediate aftermath—locality, powerfully, even iconoclastically—scuttled to the municipal election result. It makes issues as diverse as a proposed referendum on Vancouver's bid for the 2019 Winter Olympics, a commitment to find-track safe injection sites for heroin addicts, and the raggedy sense that it's repudiation of the neo-conservative agenda of the previous Liberal government. It's heavy stuff in a city that doesn't really pay attention to its own decisions. So, were voters, in fact, sending an anti-intellectual message to the Liberals in Victoria? Green, never at a loss for opinion, launched into a convoluted response before trailing off. "I just don't know," he admitted. "The real answer is, I just don't know."

What is certain, though, is that B.C. politics, never what you'd call dull, just got way more interesting. Last week marked the end, in number of terms, of former Gordon Campbell's semi-comfortable role as supreme ruler of what is essentially a one-party province. It's not that the New Democrats, clinging to their two-seat opposition in a 79-seat legislature, have made a resurgence. Rather the Liberals have now switched to a craggy, Hydro-headed heart as extra-legislative opposition with a front range with ice as great as all outdoors.

The Vancouver election is but one example of a bad Liberal week. In Victoria, Prince George-area MLA Paul Nesteruk

New Democrats, and pragmatic lefties, which had spent the previous 24 years failing to win the mayor's office. The difference this time was mayor-elect Larry Campbell—no relation to Gordon—who proved that “charisma” and “courage” can be used in the same sentence.

The incoming mayor earned a COPE majority story half on the strength of his iconic “charisma” (ex-RCMP drug cop, ex-chief coroner of B.C., and entrepreneur for Desmeuse Da Vinci, the existing coroner on the grungy Vancouver-based TV hit, *Die Hard With a Vengeance*). That was Vancouver’s big election, when the city collectively decided that people dying of overdose, disease and murder in the Downtown Eastside—1,200 in the past decade—can no longer be tolerated. “The problems of the Downtown Eastside aren’t just those of a small corner of Vancouver, but were seen as much larger problems,” says Norman Raft, a political science professor at the University of Victoria. “It’s not a reveal of welfare anxiety,” he says of COPE’s wins, “it’s kind of a sense of larger community responsibility.”

Even the onlookers, who traded his nameancy after he died for one of the living, didn’t expect the long-lasting conservative New-Partisan Association—which Gordon Campbell once led as mayor of Vancouver. They replaced it with COPE, a woefully-entitled coalition of community activists, street



The Liberals must now wrestle with a cranky extra-legislative opposition that has a wish list as great as all outdoors

Campbell is billing ahead on a pledge to open medically supervised safe drug injection sites in the city by early January as part of a Four Pillars drug strategy of prevention, enforcement, treatment and harm reduction. The prospect of the first such site in North America prompted the New York Times to devote most of a page to the election. By remarkable coincidence, John Winters, the hard-as-nails U.S. drug czar and member of George W. Bush's cabinet, also paid a post-election visit to Vancouver.

Winters was the guest at a breakfast of Trade luncheons, where he promised not to tell a sovereign Canada how to run its drug strategy. He then proceeded to do just that, offering dire warnings about the scourge of misjudged legislation in the U.S., and telling



Larry Campbell has proved that “charisma” and “courage” can be used in the same sentence

a cautionary tale of a well-meaning Ballinger mayor who launched a harm reduction strategy and needle-exchange program. The result, said Winters, was “the most brutally treated city in terms of addictions of any city in American history.”

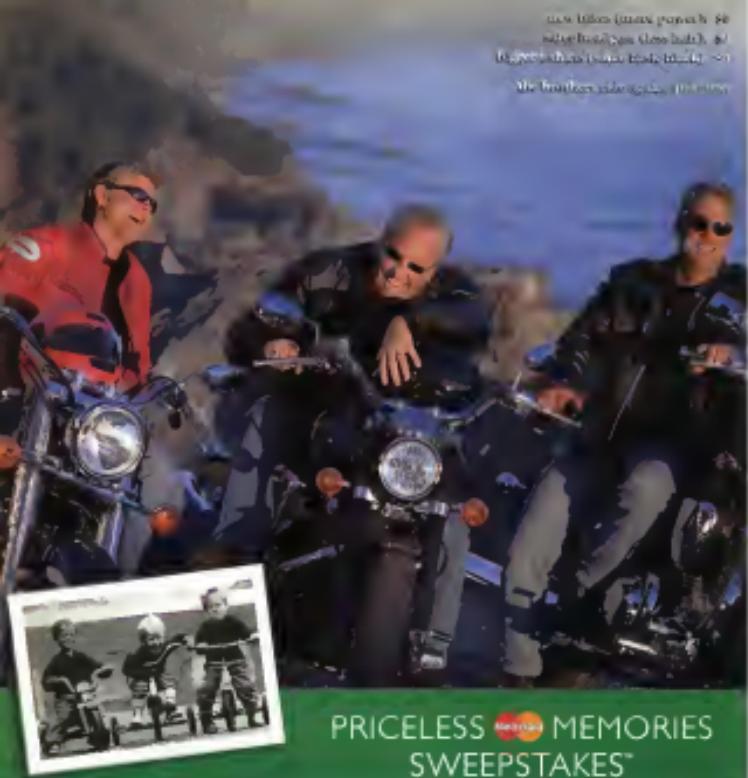
It was a quixotic Verstaden moment. Winters was hooded by a luncheon table of eight purchased by Marc Emery, marijuana entrepreneur and president of the BC Marijuana Party. Seated several tables away was Larry Campbell, who while none present, was also unimpressed by Winters’ advice. “Why should I feel pressure from the Americans, I’m a Canadian,” he says. “This whole thought that a needle exchange causes addiction, it’s like fib-mowing garbage.”

For the moment, the mayor-elect feels more heat for another policy with international implications: COPE’s pledge to hold a referendum on Vancouver’s Olympic bid. Federal Heritage Minister Steven Blaney, the other Campbell in Victoria and coach of the B.C. business community when they cast a vote at this last clue could speak the International Olympic Committee, which is to announce the winning 2016 host city next July.

The provincial Liberals are especially alarmed, noting the prospect of a Campbell versus Campbell final. Gordon Campbell uses the Games as a vehicle for investment and economic renewal. Larry Campbell wants the Games only if Vancouverites agree that the workload costs of the bid prove economically sound.

What he does not want is to be tarred as *de facto* opposition to the provincial government. A referendum will burn huge political capital with senior levels of government, but the bidding vote may absolve the COPE managerial base. Already he seems anxious for a compromise, saying “we’re in the process of figuring what’s going on, talking to groups and seeing how we can best gauge what response to this. So, I’m just not going to talk about it.”

Part of the attraction, and frustration, of De Vries’ import is how for which the mayor-elect has several occasions technical adviser and scriptwriter—in that there’s a pit ending. Plus trial every without resolution a fig of compromise, conflict and flowed heroes. It’s very Canadian—and the ideal reflection of the soap-operas of B.C. politics. ■



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two titles (more power), 40
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Terrorism | BY TOM FENWELL



The al-Qaeda leader enjoys the support of many—including millions in Pakistan

THE INVISIBLE MAN

Where Is Osama bin Laden—and why can't the United States catch its public enemy number 1?

GEORGE W. BUSH keeps a packet of photographs on his desk in the Oval Office. All are of men, many in turbans and sporting long beards. They are ranking members of the al-Qaeda terror network, and whenever US forces capture or kill one, the delighted President removes the photograph and crosses off a pen. So far, about 35 men, almost half of the known al-Qaeda leadership, have been caught or slain, and each has enabled us to cross off another face when it was revealed that the US had captured Abd al-Rahim Nashiri, al-Qaeda's chief of operations in the Persian Gulf. But the President may be satisfied until he draws an X across the face of Osama bin Laden, and finding him in progress to be a difficult task. US authorities had hoped that the al-Qaeda leader was dead. But last week, Bush was told that an extensive analysis of a threatening tape recording played on the Al-Jazeera television network in Doha on Nov. 12 showed the voice to be, in fact, bin Laden.

So America's public enemy number 1 is very much alive—and poised to strike again. He has managed to evade the greatest manhunt in human history, staying one step ahead of soldiers searching cave by cave in Afghanistan, America's most advanced spy technology hasn't been able to draw a bead on him. Even beauty contests, renowned

by a US\$25 million prize, haven't been able to bring him in. No wonder bin Laden's taped statement was full of bravado, warning America and its coalition partners, including Canada, that they will be attacked. He congratulates his operatives for the Oct. 12 explosion at a British nightclub that killed more than 100 people and the murder of a minister in Kuwait on Oct. 8.

Even more troubling, the tape may have been a signal to al-Qaeda operatives to launch a new wave of terror attacks. And Canada, say security experts, is definitely on al-Qaeda's hit list. "Canada is known as the Little Satan in Islamic terrorist circles," says David Boer, former chief of strategic planning for CSIS. "We are targeted."

Where is the invisible man? The tape itself offers few clues to bin Laden's whereabouts. But because it mentions recent terror attacks, it had to be recorded in the last few weeks, so CIA analysts say the tape appears to have been made over a phone line consistent in quality with those used in Afghanistan and Pakistan. There have been previous clues. On Dec. 10, 2001, US forces discovered a bin Laden radio transmission, believed to be from the Tora Bora region of eastern Afghanistan. Soldiers swept through the area, but if bin Laden was in fact there, he

escaped. Early last month, intelligence units received information he was in the Bala Makhana region of southern Pakistan, along the Afghan-Pakistani border, with the remnants of a Taliban force that fled there. But other sources say he dodged the coalition naval blockade, one of the longest modern military crossings the Arabian Sea to hide in his ancestral homeland of Yemen.

The conflicting reports frustrate intelligence agents. But most believe bin Laden is hiding in the mountains of northern Pakistan, a remote, lawless region dominated by fundamentalist Muslim tribesmen with a strong sense ofAmericas and shariah of sheltering people fleeing the Pakistani government. Coalition soldiers, including those from Canada's 173rd combatant unit, have scarcely sped on mountain passes and villages in the rugged region, but have failed to turn up any sign of the prey.

The Pakistani army is not strong enough to exert influence over the area. And American intelligence says the best way to find bin Laden—many military analysts believe he remains alive—is that country's secret police, who supported the Taliban are now helping bin Laden. "Someone's protecting him," says David Boer, a former CIA case officer and author of *See No Evil*, incisive account of US covert action in the 1980s and '90s. "This guy has more support than we can imagine. You don't just hate guys like bin Laden and have them disappear. It takes more than that."

Both CIA and FBI agents are on the ground



In Afghanistan and Palestine, many in the CIA believe the team will soon yield more positive results. They have been helped by the capture of a handful of senior al-Qaeda operatives, which has resulted in cold-blooded insights into how individual al-Qaeda cells operate and communicate with each other. The CIA alone has hundreds of analysts and agents involved, both at its headquarters in Langley, Va., and in the field. Some CIA and FBI agents are assisting Palestinian police and the army. And because the U.S. has retained its oversight role, covert efforts may also return to old ways of operating, including monitoring remotes when they find them.

The most effective U.S. weapons may be the bundles of cash operations carry in their briefcases. Just as the CIA helped broker peace in Afghanistan with millions of dollars to help win the war against the Taliban, officials see new involving money and undercover agents and intelligence services in foreign countries. The American agents carry the currency in denominations of \$20, \$50 and \$100. The money is used, and most is never recovered. No one wants to track the CIA headquarters.

In recent months, CIA officers have been on a spending spree in Yemen, Pakistan, Indonesia, Malaysia and the Philippines, among other countries. "They have revealed tremendous co-operation from the

Canadian troops in Afghanistan took part in the search for the terrorist mastermind.

intelligence services in those countries," said one former U.S. spy, speaking on condition of anonymity. The language has started producing results: in Yemen earlier this month, a CIA-drone aircraft fired a Hellfire missile into a car carrying six suspected al-Qaeda members, including Abu Qatada al-Harbi, the group's top leader in Yemen. The operation also used electronic intercepts collected by the super-secretive National Security Agency, which was able to tap into Yemen's sophisticated surveillance equipment with the government's quiet blessing.

"The incident in Yemen is a direct result of the co-operation of the Yemeni intelligence service," said the former agent. The arrest of al-Nashiri is another reminder that the U.S. may be slowly winning its battle against Qaeda. Al-Nashiri, who officials say was captured in an undisclosed

foreign airport recently November, worked at bin Laden's side for nearly a decade. He is also believed to have been the mastermind behind the bombing of the USS Cole on Oct. 12, 2000, in the Yemeni port of Aden. He may also have been behind the suicide bombing that devastated a French oil tanker off the coast of Yemen on Oct. 6.

As well as information provided by al-Qaeda operatives like al-Nashiri, the dossier provided may help point the way to bin Laden. In fact, he has already turned over videos and tape recordings to reporters working for al-Jazeera. Now, and since U.S. intelligence officials, averagely, are trying to teach what these tapes are going to al-Jazeera. The intelligence community is feeling better and better about what they are getting to know there. "It's fit, though, the big break has eluded them." The reality, say key C.I.A. former senior U.S. defense official, "is that it's like a police investigation of a murder. You eliminate things that don't have fits, you're working on how that gave you an opening. The feeling is that inevitably someone is going to make a mistake, and the more you say on it the better able you'll be to see that fine example."

The Bush administration has played down the search for bin Laden, saying he is just one of many al-Qaeda terrorists being hunted. But Michael E. O'Halloran, a military analyst

He's eluded the greatest manhunt in history—even America's most advanced spy technology hasn't been able to draw a bead on him

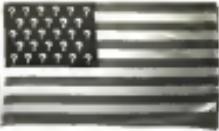
at the Washington-based Brookings Institution, says hunting the mastermind is crucial. "The best way to rule the argument is to look around the world at top terrorist leaders and what happens to the organizations under them once the leaders are caught," says O'Halloran. "You see a remarkable drop-off with their capture."

With the world's top terrorist still on the loose, most Western governments are on high-alert for another strike. In a post-Sept. 11 scenario, Canada is spending \$7.7 billion for security measures, including up grades to border security and at airports across the country. CBS's budget has been drastically increased, and legislation has been passed giving police more power to detain and question suspects. With those security measures in place, Deputy Prime Minister John Manley says Canadians are safer today than before the World Trade Center attack. "I don't think Canadians," he said, "would take any special precautions at the present time."

Manley's words may be reassuring, say security analysts, but Canada is vulnerable to attack for one simple reason: with more than 200,000 immigrants arriving each year, CBS and immigration agents can't possibly weed out all potential terrorists. The U.S. State Department also believes Canada is vulnerable to attack, and a list of 22 potential targets was leaked on Nov. 14. The list included Montreal's Place Ville-Maire, the B.C. ferry system and Toronto's CN Tower. And bin Laden's tape, says Harris, "causes that temperature, because it plays to Islamic extremists already in our country."

Bin Laden's commanding presence has also put Bush on the defensive, with Democrats expertly calling into question the success of America's war on terrorism. "We can't find bin Laden, we haven't made any progress," said Senate Majority leader Tom Daschle of the efforts to destroy al-Qaeda. "They continue to be great a threat today as they were 1½ years ago. So what recourse can we claim to be successful soldiers?" Talking to reporters, Bush angrily dismissed any suggestion that he was losing the war on terror. "I warned the American people that this was going to take a long time," he said. For now, bin Laden's picture remains in Bush's desk, while thousands continue to scour the world for America's most wanted man.

With Alan Grayson in Washington and Alan Fotheringham in Ottawa



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DISASTER IN SPAIN

A massive oil spill brings calls for tighter controls on tankers

THE MEN IN OVERALLS shoveling black goo may have looked like a road crew paving a new highway, but their efforts along Spain's wild Galician coast were of a far more desperate nature. They were among hundreds of volunteers struggling to rescue wildlife

and mop up thick black sludge from a sunken oil tanker. After getting into difficulty during a Nov. 13 storm, the Balenais registered Prestige was pried two last weeks and sank to the floor of the Atlantic, some 1.6 km below. At those depths, some expensed pressure and the frigid cold will help solidify the tar. But others fear that the fuel oil—which is heavier, more toxic and more difficult to clean up than wastewater crude—will seep out anyway. If all 77,000 tonnes the Prestige was carrying are released, the match would be one of the world's worst tanker spills, and the same ever in European waters. (In comparison, the notorious Exxon Valdez spilled 38,000 tonnes of crude oil in 1989 off the coast of Alaska, resulting in a \$3.8-billion cleanup and lasting environmental damage to this day.)

hundreds of tonnes of toxic fuel oil threaten the wildlife and economy of Galicia.

The Prestige sank 250 km off Spain's northwest coast, threatening seabirds and seals. By itself's end, about 240 tonnes of oil had reached Galician beaches and marshes, while a further 120 tonnes were tucked up in sea. But the cleanup effort was far from over, with other oil slicks continuing to pollute the Atlantic and the weather deteriorating. A political storm was also raging, over why such ships are still allowed to ply Europe's waters. After previous disasters, single-hulled tankers like the 26-year-old Prestige were outlawed, but under EU rules, the phase-out, which will begin until 2003, is scheduled to run until 2015. Canada and the U.S. are facing the same deadline.

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TWISTING OVER KYOTO

The greenhouse gas accord has meant big headaches for Paul Martin

AS PERFORMANCE theatre, Paul Martin's coming-out party last week on Kyoto's merits pretty much amounted to an Ortega speech, the anticipated front-runner in the Liberal leadership race gave his best impression of a new understudy unexpectedly pressed into action. He hammered, hewed, repeated key phrases and liberally gesticulated in response with "aha," "uh" and powerful pauses. He'd refused to sign off on the Kyoto Protocol, which compels G7 countries to reduce greenhouse gas emissions to six percent below 1990 levels by 2012, Martin brazenly surmised. "That being said," he further qualified, "I believe it is very important [that] our government might not implement the plan

preferable if we can achieve national consensus, ah, on the implementation plan."

It was vintage Martin, but not the polished finance minister who for years deflected opposition attacks with a quick wit and a rare grasp of fine and figures. That was the other Martin, the one who re-dedicated himself to his portfolio so he could be the Martin of March, 2006, who was visible in two separate attempts to sell his political sides and sides held a secret meeting at a Toronto hotel that the media characterized as a get-Chevron bull

session. Or the Martin who repeatedly avoided stating clearly whether he favoured the government's legislative authorizing the conditions for any future independence referendum in Quebec. "I don't know that he's truly made up his mind on the Clarity Act," says Canadian Alliance Leader Stephen Harper. As for Martin and Kyoto, Harper remains unsure. He believes Martin wants to delay ratification to allow the parties to reach a consensus, Harper said, but "that's his position he should state that and make sure we don't proceed."

For Chretien laybys, Martin's dawdling with Kyoto is delusion worse. Just last month, they note, the former prime minister counseled his allies in caucus to back the Prime Minister and vote to allow MPs to choose committee chairs by secret ballot. Kyoto demonstrates the perils of losing party discipline that Chretien had warned about, they say. With Liberal backbenches having enjoyed that whiff of freedom, the government's efforts will try to use a delicate and cautious approach on other, more substantive issues.

Backing Kyoto, Harper paused last week, saying his party would not view a negative vote on Kyoto ratification in the House as December as a statement of non-confidence in the government. It was a nice try to get Kyoto signed in the Liberal caucuses—Martin perhaps thinking there's no way freely without fear of triggering an early election. But Chretien wasn't taking any chances. The Prime Minister told the House of Commons that ratification of Kyoto was a first commitment the government made during its Speech from the Throne in September. In other words, party discipline rules.

Of greater significance to the party, say the former渥太华 Liberal critics, is that Kyoto is once more putting on public display a disconcerting Martin turn—his Planter-like indecisiveness. Detractors, particularly from other leadership camps, have often complained that the media have failed to put Martin's feet to the fire on the tough talk, prompting him to appear sympathetic to all sides when he actually has difficulty taking a position. As Martin waffled on Kyoto, for instance, supporters of the accord gave him the benefit of the doubt because of his avowed support of environmental causes. Kyoto opponents, on the other hand, have been able to see Martin as recently sympathetic to their cause.

Alberta Premier Ralph Klein has even argued that Martin's supreme indecision might bulk up his chances in the second. Last week, tabling legislation that would put greenhouse gas emissions under provincial regulation—a possible precursor to court challenges of federal power to impose restrictions on emissions—the Alberta premier held out hope that Martin would now come down to the province's rescue. Liberal MPs, including Martin, will likely vote in favour of the accord, he acknowledged, "notwithstanding the fact I've convinced some members of the Liberal caucus have green concerns."

Martin endures, however, say there is no going back on implementing Kyoto once it's

The former finance minister's critics gleefully say his waffling over ratifying the accord has put his indecisiveness on public display

endorsing the accord risks alienating people who have worked tirelessly, and in the case of the business community, desperately, to help him realize his political vision. "To see Paul Martin daily chafing, now turning to bend to the big corporate backers of his candidacy, is truly revolting," decried NDP Leader Alexa McDonough.

Klein also underscores Martin's long game—the election that follows the leadership contest. Western Liberals view the fiscal conservatism at their best chance in decades to break the Tory Reform Alliance domination of the region. But Kyoto jeopardizes all that. A recent poll found Albertans are concerned over the accord that 53 per cent would consider requiring from Canada rather than adhering to Gleeson's minimalist approach. Harper says the poll confirms his own impressions: "It's quite clear to me that anger over Kyoto is growing and that it is being seen as not just a bad public policy issue, but another example of the Liberal party's anti-Alberta positioning," he says. Last week, the government, which can also read polls, made major concessions in its blueprint for implementing the accord. In one climbdown, some businesses would be allowed to exceed their emissions targets if they consent to deeper cuts after 2014.

Martin sides say he wants consensus—and believe he is the man to achieve it

been ratified. They note that Mexico, then the Liberal environment minister, argued for even harsher emissions reductions at the 1992 Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro. His concern is more with the process than the content, they stress. Had the government made a conscientious effort to bring industry and the provinces onside and directly outlined the cost and benefits of Kyoto, Martin would not have vacillated. In the element of consistency of his position last week, Martin also tried to dispel the notion of resigning on Canada's commitment to Kyoto, which would mean the end of the province's rescue. Liberal MPs, including Martin, will likely vote in favour of the accord, he acknowledged, "notwithstanding the fact I've convinced some members of the Liberal caucus have green concerns."

"I believe that consistency that sign agreements should live up to those agreements," he told reporters.

So why so much trouble to say so little? One problem is the embarrassment of riches he'll generate across the country, in dragging Alberta, which views Kyoto as National Energy Program II. Wholly carelessly



Actor Peter Keleghan didn't have to look far for inspiration for his narcissistic TV character Alan Roy—men are dolling themselves up as never before, with cosmetics, spa services and surgery



You're So Vain

WHAT'S A GUY TO DO? JAMES DEACON EXPLORES THE RISE OF MR. GO

WENT TO A SNAZZY emulsion lounge the other night to meet some people and quickly realized I was new to this place. After being seated by the hostess, I surveyed the bar area packed with people who looked good on a movie set. Their hair, their clothes, their skin and their scales all appeared to glow. Even the men. They were in the 30 to 45 range, professional and apparently single, and very comfortable in that setting, chatting easily while twirling the ice in their cocktails or sipping their ear lobe-Pushers and Bannisters, presumably. Sure, it was a pickup spot, so the players would all be in their Thursday night finery. But those dudes were way better turned out than the guys I remember seeing in bars when I was still single 20 years ago.

I, on the other hand, was arriving straight from work, frazzled as the overextended Dylan brofeast in my hand, hair everywhere, big bags under my eyes, middle-age spread, the whole sorry sight. In the brighter lights of the foyer, I realized I had splashes of caked apple sauce on the toe of my right shoe, resulting from serving the kids breakfast that morning. I was not even close to being dressed for the occasion.

That's the problem with trying to keep up with life's milestones. I thought the main milestone was a TV dinner, a device to make characters like Alan Roy on the CBC comedy *Made in Canada* famous. Life in the episode where the tyrannical Production boss tells his staff he's going to a spa when in fact he's off to clinic to get his penises enhanced with implants, then has to get them removed because they're leaking. Or the one in which he shaves off his pubic hair because he's found a single grey strand down there, and someone has told him it would grow back in its original colour.

But those guys really do exist. Peter Keleghan, 43, is the actor who plays the

men and women to accelerate their work in the gym and achieve those male-model abs and pecs. Fibroinecting excess fat gets trapeziectomies and Botox injections to smooth over the wrinkles so that customers or employers don't get the idea they're too old to play basketball anymore. And these peronal trainers? Men get these too, among other things.

It's a weird time to be a guy. The popular image of a man to be crushed, so it's no wonder men are confused about appearance and grooming, and all that stuff. Used to be there were different tools for different ages. Now, older guys are trying to look younger, suburban boys are trying to look like they grew up in the hood. The man's mag would have us a universally buff and cutif. Manic videos offer the fantasy that barely able-to-share regards with denotatives are cinematic male-model mag to f.

On TV, like Roy bluster through life promoting the philosophy that authority and respect go with wearing \$3,000 suits and having your name inscribed. Offset them with the male-action "heroes" who appear to have spent most of their lives at the gym, including, if what comes out of their mouths in any education, the time they should have been learning something—anything—else. My favourites are the mouth-breathing oafs who pass for "regular guys" on sitcoms like the Jim Belushi character on *According to Jim*, or *Desperate Wives* or *My Wife and Kids*. These are adult males who wipe their noses on their sleeves and wear marinated socks to work. But through the magic of Hollywood, they have beautiful if long-suffering wives and live in really nice houses. In real life, their characters would struggle to get a date, let alone marriage to Courtney Thorne-Smith. Anyways, haven't Earth



IT'S YOUR DUTY, MR. KELEGHAN, TO MAKE
MAYBE YOU, TOO, CAN REINVENT 25 BABES

answering Roy, and when he was going for this week's Macbeth, he was quick to point out that he isn't the same narcissist in real life. That said, he knows that lots of men really do obsess about ageing and appearance, and their efforts to stay youthful have gone way beyond comb-overs and two-minute-for-looking-so-good hair-coloring products. "When I was looking for inspiration for Alan Roy," says Keleghan, "I didn't have to look very far."

Gays may have been the first to sample the new jazz for men products and services, but straight guys are now lining up at the beauty counters too. They're trying makeovers and facelifts and magazines toutage grooming techniques and fashion tips. Younger guys are using dietary supple-

THESE DUDES WERE WAY BETTER TURNED OUT THAN THE GUYS I WENT TO BARS WITH WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND STILL SINGLE 20 YEARS AGO

could everyone love Raymond? The long-lag struggles with the most mundane of daily concepts. Last week's show was about his inability to tell his wife that he loved her. These are regular guys, we're doomed.

But it gets so much worse in so-called "real-life" TV dating shows. Take it—you won't believe it. Last week, ratings-washed ABC's final episode of *The Bachelor*, and what they saw was 28-year-old Aaron, a biceps-buckin' stud with an MBA and a lot of teeth, choose one woman from the 25 who, for reasons? I'm sure their parents still don't understand, began vying for his affection seven weeks before. And it's so��eive he planned in his bio on the show's Web site, "While educational and career achievement may be impressive, Aaron would like to share his life with that special woman." So naturally he went looking for that special someone with millions watching. The only surprise was that he chose the she-brat who, when the other finalists were bland and buxom, the American ideal, was unlike the woman who "won" the previous edition of *the Bachelor*. Not unlike Aaron, for that matter, the male equivalent.

For a lot of young guys, that could be a defining image. They watched 25 stunning women line up for one man. They couldn't understand it was just a TV show, but what were they thinking afterward, sitting alone at their apartments and houses? Aaron set a real bar for the fictional George—he won't be a complete doof, but he won't normally care about either. And the stuff stuff he did have, and what the cameras really played up, were those all-American boy looks and that-in-the-gym-all-day body. Those are things, these days, a guy can get away with.

That's where the men's fashion magazines come in. They'll tell you what hairstyles and gelato are the rage, what clothes to buy, what exotic women like. Personally, I'd step away from the fashion advice. A recent issue of *Men's Journal* encoded the virtues of the cowboy suit, one I'm old enough to remember that the previous sentence was filed last night about 19 days before the suits became laughable. Never mind. A lot of guys buy into it anyway. A gay friend—he calls himself "faded"—told me "I pay because he's more阳刚 conscious—tells the story of a pal

from university days who visited recently. They were in his living room, and the dad was looking through a catalog of magazines. "You don't have GQ?" he asked, looking perplexed. "How do you know how to dress?"

THE BODY-TREATMENT room at the spa beneath Toronto's Royal York Hotel is as ready an old-hick-must-complain-with-heavy-metal-door-and-dial combination

I've seen as many guys are doing these days. It's heaven getting characters and sales guys getting peddlers. It's hairy guys getting that lascivious wince. Tires, who did my facial, sold me a player from a visiting basketball team supplied by a fascist on the day of a game against the Raptors. "Wouldn't you freshen up," she explained. She says guys feel it improves their appearance and gives them an edge. I'm not sure it fits great, and the woman at the spa told me I looked so much better. But I got the impression people were staring at me on the return ride back to the office, like I'd turned green or something.

I don't have the best credentials for this beat. It wouldn't hurt me to lose 10 pounds, or even 15. My idea of blow-drying is leaving the vanes open on the drive into work. When I moved from Vancouver to Toronto in the 1980s and met the woman who later married me, she told me my wardrobe looked like shabby, and she was reluctant to introduce me to her parents before I got my hair cut. In the 15 years since, I've purchased exactly one Harbor, a fabulous sofa named Gondola, and one plotting merchant, a big Hungarian named Tom. I still feel selfishness of fashionableness, and it doesn't bother me.

Look, I'me, though, it's been transformed into a peaceful groan outlined to promote relaxation. It's warm, humid, seemed-and-darkly lit, and a soft fluorescent light away pleasingly to one side. There's soft background music playing, too. But lying on the treatment table while a woman named Mind covers me in black mud, I don't need the detoxification of my long-slog or listen to the platitude piano. I'm thinking about how the golden, arched filigree being projected on the ceiling by a light fixture remind me of the light show at a bar I used to terribly concern 10 years ago. So in my head I'm hammering in *A Guide to Mud*, complete with down solo.

It takes time to vary, and a certain frame of mind. For nearly four hours last week, I was scrubbed, rubbed, buffed, followed and massaged. There was the "spine body experience," and then the "extreme facial." It was worth the time just to under-

stand what so many guys are doing these days. It's heaven getting characters and sales guys getting peddlers. It's hairy guys getting that lascivious wince. Tires, who did my facial, sold me a player from a visiting basketball team supplied by a fascist on the day of a game against the Raptors. "Wouldn't you freshen up," she explained. She says guys feel it improves their appearance and gives them an edge. I'm not sure it fits great, and the woman at the spa told me I looked so much better. But I got the impression people were staring at me on the return ride back to the office, like I'd turned green or something.

The youth-and-appearance plague is pur-

LET'S FACE IT, SAYS RUMILIT, LOOKS HAVE A LOT TO DO WITH THE KIND OF FIRST IMPRESSIONS WELL-LIKED

ously cruel to men around 30, who are increasingly turning to cosmetic surgery to reverse the vagaries of age. Among the most popular procedures are liposuction on love handles and pectorals, and delicate surgery to take away the bags under their eyes. "We get men who've been downsize and they're competing with 30-year-olds for jobs and clients," says Heather Hodgson, practice manager at a prominent Toronto esthetic

cosmetic clinic. "They're talented and experienced, but nowadays, appearance is more important than ever in business. They're just doing what they have to do."

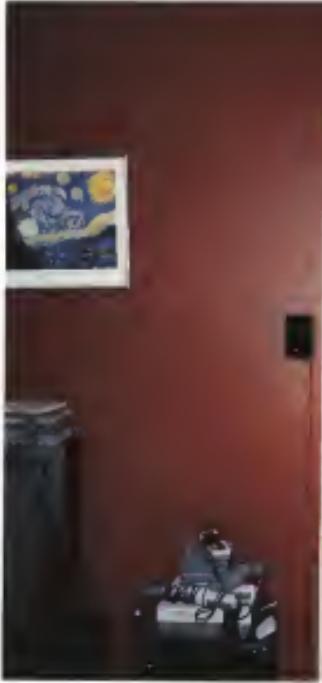
THE RECENT Toronto Man Show, a consumer fair in a bleak convention space out in the airport strip, is not the kind of place where you'd think such vanity would be an issue. It was a smorgasbord of other kinds



MACLENNAN STAYS STRONG AND YOUNG WITH AN INTENSE PHYSICAL REGIMENT

lockt blonde, though, it's been transformed into a peaceful groan outlined to promote relaxation. It's warm, humid, seemed-and-darkly lit, and a soft fluorescent light away pleasingly to one side. There's soft background music playing, too. But lying on the treatment table while a woman named Mind covers me in black mud, I don't need the detoxification of my long-slog or listen to the platitude piano. I'm thinking about how the golden, arched filigree being projected on the ceiling by a light fixture remind me of the light show at a bar I used to terribly concern 10 years ago. So in my head I'm hammering in *A Guide to Mud*, complete with down solo.

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THE VISITOR COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING ON MEN'S FASHION IN A STACK OF MAGAZINES. PERPLEXED, HE ASKED, "HOW DO YOU KNOW HOW TO DRESS?"

of gay softball teams, motorcycles, power tools for the home workshop, car stereo equipment, plasma TVs and high-end theatre systems. You could imagine golf lessons and around-personal-finance seminars. Even more popular than the beer garden were the booths where LHM girls and Playboy models were autographing copies of their respective periodicals. Van de Matheus Black, presenting his art-entrepreneur Web site, captured the spirit of the event succinctly: "This is like Maxim magazine in a trade show," he enthused.

Show-goers were predominantly suburban boomers, and a few had pretensions or voices with them. "The couple nextdoor to a booth selling Calvin Klein men's fin-

gances. "We're making some sales," says Mary-Tann, the woman running the booth, "but mainly, this is a beat-up exposure." Tom says the company is betting the sports bar crowd will eventually get interested.

And in some ways, it's already happening. "You don't see a lot of downtown men here," says Taylor Janes, a pretty platinum blonde who was a Playboy's Cyber Girl of the Month last January. "These are guys' guys," she says, looking out at all the men looking at her. "They like cars and sports and girls. But I find that the younger men these days are trying to dress better and look better. They're more into themselves."

Van is an equal-opportunity afficionado, but it does appear to have his younger men

binder. Kurt Wilmot is a 23-year-old Toronto binder, and he regards his attention to detail as just doing what it takes to move up professionally and succeed on the dressing scene. He admits it's partly mercenary—*he's got the style bag big time*. "It's fun—I enjoy shopping. But for me, it's more about self-confidence than anything else. Let's face it, looks have a lot to do with the kind of first impression you leave on a client or a woman I'm interested in." How far will he go to make that impression? "I've had my teeth bleached, and if I had a bad voice or something like that, I'd probably get it done. You could make a philosophical argument against it, but if you think it'll help you get what you want, why not go for it?"

At 34, Peter McGibbons takes another approach. He's an independent commercial-real estate broker in Montreal, and he says fiscal and youthful with an accurate fitness regimen and athletic pursuits, including regular men's hockey and elite Masters' World Cup ski races. "It takes an enormous amount of energy to do this kind of work," he explains from his one-man office. "And mental strength. I put that down a lot of work at the gym." The motivation is simple—it makes him look and feel younger. "I'm purified of getting older, because I lose my life the way it is right now." But as with Wilmot, the major benefit is the boost to his confidence. "It's an environment in which there's a lot of admiration and a lot of

big players, so confidence is essential." I get that. Dual-existing and fine claws can be unnerving. And it's useful to have a sleep well of self-awareness when dealing with many aspects of adult life. Regular guys can take their cues from the sports stars who have become fashion plates as much as movie stars have. Detroit singer Brandon Sharpen, a 33-year-old man's man, has modeled for GQ, and has an undeniably bold and elegant personal style. "In looking the whole fashion thing has changed with the influx of Europeans in the NHL," he explains. "That and the big salaries."

What I don't get are the guys who go to all the trouble, in the gym and the spa and the salons, just for the sake of looking good.

MR. FIX-IT used to focus on home improvements, but now he's beautifying himself. Options for male self-renovation:

• **FIX THE HAIR** You're not born with that hairstyle. The hair grows back, but it's different.

• **GET THE HAIR TOSSED** Why not experiment, incorporate intergrades, and sprouts? Even men can fight back against grays and baldness.

• **GET OUT OF THE HAIR YOU HAVE** Wig, hair loss treatment or shave, and/or anterior wigs.

• **SPIFF YOURSELF UP** With manicures, pedicures, massages, healthy, energetic postures, short walks, sauna, aromatherapy and even hydrotherapy (a bath of ice, indispensable oily salts and oils), reinvigoration via hydrotherapy fields.

• **PROMOTE PELLEGRAMS** using products that beautify skin, hair and overall, strong veins (creams, like concealer pencils, camouflage) and eye patches.

• **PUT ON A NEW FACE** with cosmetic surgery (nose jobs, tummy tucks, cheeklifts, chin lifts, lipos, etc.).

• **GET INSTANT RESULTS** from permanent eyeliner, eyebrow pencil, eyelash and lip-gloss gels and, again, packing their keywords together with a combination of reconstruction and surgery.

• **DRAW ON THE YEARS** with one of the latest non-surgical aesthetic procedures—either skin resurfacing, which expels skin damage and wrinkles, or who-removes-away damage with micro-resurfacing.

• **SHODDN'T CUT THE WRINKLES** with increasingly popular laser treatments, as well as fat or filler injections. Injectables, injectable lasers, laser resurfacing implants in the nose and cheeks, and padding resurfacing.



Photo: Michael S. Lewis

that distract them to men. "I like guys who are well-dressed, but ultimately I'm looking for something else," Peretti says. "I want guys a lot of slick," remarks Egan. "In fact, I think it's sort of charming when a guy shows up a little less slick and maybe a touch dressed."

CLOTHES THE BASIC A guy can be too well-dressed. "Some, that's slick," says Lucas, "and that smacks of playboy." "Imagine adding," says Egan, "like, that you feel like you're in the right night when he's already had Tuesday. Wednesday

and Thursday. You don't feel unique—you're just like that night blond." There is, apparently, a line. "You want the guy to be stylish," says Egan. "Not self-absorbed."

CLOTHES THE WORK Some stuff can't be repeated. Clothing-plaid darkness is never in style, come to think of it. Colleagues. And the no-

escape devil-breaker? "White tube socks," says McElroy, as everyone laughs. This is not acceptable.

NO REHABILITATION You can dress a guy a bit, but you can't take him out of his comfort zone. "We're the first generation of girls who went on Oprah," pronounces Lucas, "and the first thing our mothers learned on Oprah is that you can't change names. Can't. Won't happen." **HAT ON THE HEAD** "It's great when they have it, but it's not essential," says Egan.

J.D.

EAGER (LEFT), KAR, HODGSON, FORTIN AND LUCAS AGREE WHITE TUBE SOCKS ARE THE NO EXCUSE DEAL BREAKER

Seems like such a waste of time if that's all they get for their efforts. Last month in *España* magazine, actress Milla Jovovich, asked if readers assumed women to be a mess, said, "Obviously, being able to play a game impresses us more than being able to pick one up." And there's a price to pay for looking too good. "Women I know tell me they steer well clear of men who are too particular about their appearance. That clearly, there are a whole lot of other women who like pretty boys. A supermodel tabloid,

the National Enquirer, polled female readers to see what was the perfect man. The largest number of them chose Brad Pitt, and the results were printed alongside a photo that made the sluggy-blood mane of Pitt look like one of those over-crafted dog dolls that you see in the pawn's well-lit Puerto Rican window—a cute accessory who's legal and economically arousing.

If that isn't enough to keep guys from getting too vain, then I can only remind them of an old joke: A young Catholic guy

goes to see his priest at confession and says, "Blame me, Father, for I have sinned." "What sin, my son?" "What sin?" "Father, I have committed the sin of vanity. Once a day, and sometimes more, I gaze at myself in the mirror and tell myself how beautiful I am."

The priest considers this for a moment, and looks through the session at the man before responding, "My son, I have good news," he says. "That sin is a sin. It's simply a mistake."

A brief hair-story of time

FOR MOST OF MY LIFE, a hand-sheathed Italian barber, Alfonso, was entrusted with my hair. I'd climb onto his worn-covered chair and get "the usual"—a subtle mustache cut paired on the left side. In high school I switched to a seven-Polish-women's-worth offer: great me at the door with, "I'll give you a QD." But it became more apparent with every trim that Sophie's skills weren't quite up to fashionista standards. So when my friend, Michelle, advised that I visit her styled, I worried. Amazingly, I only took one "stapling" from Rodriguez at Coiffe Bazaar, the ultra-tidy Toronto salon. Far more to be booked. My dad doesn't get it. Neither do some of my friends, who often point out the number of pints of beer my \$48 (plus tip) do's cost me. But I figure that since I wear my hair every day, I should invest in it. And the truth is, my pal still is my look, well, hair stylist. Chilean-born Rodriguez devotes at least as much energy to the conversation as to my hair. As he whisks, shears and clips during an hour-long visit, he takes on a verbal roller coaster that loops from his latest skydiving exploits to trips across the country with his two kids aboard a modified yellow school bus. We have to compare with the load-bearing e-beans to hear each other, but I have the coolest hair experience of my life.

Though only 25—and still decades, I hope—from the dreaded comb-over—I've lived through some pretty memorable hairstyles. Like nearly every child who grew up in the early '80s, I wore the wildly popular bowl cut. In high school I experimented with a pair of scissors. Precisely inspired by Duran Duran before progressing to a spiky hair band style that some friends joked could take an eye out, but I got my most famous cut in Grade 8, when I decided to shave lines in my hair to simulate rap star Run-D.M.C. Then 13, I asked my Italian scissor



shear to work his magic. For more than a brief moment he laid the hot six-inch scissoring through those—well, near or past retirement age—locked at me in horror.

Rodriguez, who's 30, says that when he started doing hair a decade ago, only one in 20 of his customers was male, "mostly men account for that, and most went just there for a cut." "More than 70 per cent of my new clients get colour done as well." Ten years ago they would have never thought about sticking foil in their hair, "a lot of ways," he concludes, laughing. "Some straight guys are more queer than others." Since my first visit with Rodriguez, I have been

this year, give them something they'll grow into, not out of.



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'TAKING RISK IS A GOOD THING'

The chief of Canada's junior stock exchange has a message for officialdom



LINDA HODOL, president of the Calgary-based TSX Venture Exchange, wants Canada to become a world-leading incubator of small business success stories, with her small cap board playing a key role. Now that the present TSX Group—like parent of the Toronto Stock Exchange—has completed its initial stock offering, she's been speaking out on behalf of her largely resource- and tech-based clientele. The 38-year-old entrepreneur, who formerly headed the wealth management division of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, is calling for lower taxes and less regulation. Unilife David Brown, chairman of the Ontario Securities Commission, the opposite adapting strict rules for public companies, like the new Sarbanes-Oxley law in the U.S. (Hodol, who picked up the news in April, eight months after the Venture Exchange was taken over by the TSX, spoke with Maclean's National Business Correspondent Katherine Maddison).

Hodol says the tax system unfairly favours private firms over public companies

in a world that is so electronic and connected, why have a small, junior exchange?

Companies in Canada find it's hard to set up and grow and only do it with money, and there are only two ways to get money: You either find investors who are willing to invest in your company or you go to the bank. The private venture capital markets in Canada have not been as strong as they are elsewhere, particularly in the U.S., and in the past year, even that money has shrunk. So, the alternative is a junior exchange for young Canadian companies to raise capital and get the money they need, entrepreneurial or to grow.

Entrepreneurship isn't exactly known as a Canadian strength. How does Canada become a world-class incubator?

If you look north of the border, the U.S. has between 59 and 60 per cent of the share of

the world's capital markets. We have two per cent. When you look just at venture capital, the U.S. has more than a 60-per-cent market share, compared with three per cent for Canada. We pale in comparison.

We have to be much more aggressive. Our government and regulators have to be much more creative to support an environment where putting money into small companies is a good thing and taking some risk is a good thing. We need incentives for investors to take that risk. Right now the failure rate of small companies is very high in Canada. In the U.S., there's this culture that accepts risk as part of doing business, and that will begin again on management teams and businesses that have actually failed. We don't tend to accept failure in the same way that the Americans do.

Why are Canadian companies failing at greater rates than in other countries?

One thing is capital. Even if they're successful

in raising enough money to get started, companies have difficulty with follow-on financing, whether it's private or public. They get to a point where they've grown, and they could grow more, but the tag's saved off. What else? Taxes are high.

What changes in tax brackets and regulatory systems are you looking for?

There are incentives for small, privately held companies that don't apply to publicly traded ones. For example, at certain level of revenue, companies pay only 13 per cent corporate tax. Above that, it's 22 percent. That doesn't apply to a public company, which pays about 26 cents. With H&D tax incentives, again, the test seems to be one whether you're being entrepreneurial or whether you're public or private. There shouldn't be a difference.

You've said that Sarbanes-Oxley is too onerous. Is it import to Canada, if it's acceptable in the U.S., why not in Canada?

The cost of going public already is very, very high. It takes six months and costs a small company \$250,000 to raise \$750,000. Going public in the U.S., at the junior level, is perceived as better. Down there, a junior initial public offering is US\$30 million. That's where we end, and where they start. A quarter of a million or a half a million dollars to get \$30 million is not too bad, but that kind of a start to get \$1 million or less is pretty onerous. If you overlay Sarbanes-Oxley, which primarily speaks to governance requirements, it becomes almost impossible for small companies to survive.

How do you lighten the regulatory load, without killing investor confidence?

There already are within our standards some pretty onerous checks and balances. The standards we impose are very different than those for large companies—in fact, they're more rigorous. If a company listed on the Venture Exchange is going to make a major acquisition, and it's listed to treasury, that transaction has to come to us. That's not a requirement of the Nasdaq or Stock Exchange. It's not as if we don't have the right rules and the right policies to protect the investor. The role of regulating small companies on our exchange is only that it should be that the product or the service may be new, and the company is new. That's the risk our in-

vestors take. They don't take a risk on us, unless, Wild West cashouts.

The OSC raised the spectre of exchanges infiltrating the Venture Exchange. Do you see such a problem?

Every market has to guard against that. In case, are they out there trying to get in? Absolutely. Would I be surprised if an issue arose on my exchange or the Toronto exchange or the New York Stock Exchange? Absolutely not. Does have any less relevance around it? We don't. We are just as vigilant as anybody else. We monitor transactions with directors and officers and shareholders, especially from offshore. We're current on the list of countries that are monitored for money laundering. We have the list of individuals that has been published; we require personal information on our officers and directors. We have all the same safeguards, and so that's why the OSC was completely out of line in singling us out. All markets have this problem.

The volume of trading is down almost 40 per cent from the boom days in 2000. Values are down more than 75 per cent. When might the Venture Exchange again see trading values in the \$6 billion range?

Well, there's a good question. Of course, average daily value today is down, year-to-date, around \$13 billion, you'd probably agree. Values on the senior markets has dropped so well, so again I don't want to be singled out. Liquidity is an issue, and we are looking at doing certain things. Market-making is an option. Liquidity will come back, and value will come back, when investor confidence comes back. We will do our part in making that happen, by connecting investors that we can to quality exchanges.

With Barbara Styrman at the TSX and Helen Keenan at Nasdaq Canada, you're one of three women on top jobs at Canadian exchanges. What do you think about that?

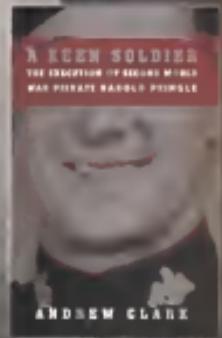
Did anyone plan it? I doubt it, but I would hope it just speaks to the fact that women in all professions can do the kinds of jobs that they wouldn't have been able to do a decade to even five years ago.

Especially in the man's world of investment banking.

Definitely untrue, for sure. They eat their young. Women don't do that.

A CANADIAN SOLDIER EXECUTED BY HIS OWN MILITARY

Mightily or wrongly?



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THE JOYS OF GIVING

As the Citigroup case shows, it can get your kids into school and your rival out

THE REVELATIONS of U.S. corporate malfeasance began with accounting distortions and fraud, now reveal a culture of obscene executive perks from stock options, and then to evidence that Wall Street analysts made "buy" recommendations under massive influence from their clients' newest new bosses. Now, the focus is shifting to charitable giving. New York Attorney General Eliot Spitzer's war against top managers of Citigroup has exposed evidence that some of that company's charitable largesse may have had darker motives.

In all this pressurized revelations, he cast his net on a much longer line cast from the computers of the computer geeks, but which has receding forever an obscure servers. There is no secret to privacy in private and confidential messages on the Web, which has an unachieved ability to entangle and destroy those whose messages fly into it.

It may now everyone has heard of Citigroup embezzled telecom analyst, Jack Grubman, who kept receiving some of his fixated mask during most of his plague to oblivion. Until that month, the investigators alleged he had calls were driven by his desire to bring in, and keep, major investment banking clients, such as Merrill Lynch. But contrary to most of his competitor analysis, he didn't have "buy" status on all the companies he followed. Can spicily overlooked in his manner of attractive stocks was great AT&T, headed by Michael Armstrong, who was also a director of Citigroup.

Grubman suddenly switched his solitude to a strong "buy" story, and AT&T rather suddenly switched its attitude toward Citigroup's investment banking subsidiary, Salomon Brothers. Barney Kerec had \$85 million for underwriting worth US\$45 million in fees.

Why did Grubman change his money? According to investigators, it was due to pressure from Citigroup CEO Sanjiv Bhalla, who was also a director of AT&T. Not only did Bhalla seek all those investment banking profits, he was determined to oust John

Bied from his slot near the top at Citi, and he warned Armstrong's support. Read, he signs the greatest retail banker in modern American history, was forced out.

The recently enhanced e-mail disclosure what looks like a sound deal. Grubman earned his new appointment as an exclusive Macmillan preschool at the 60th Street Y. Well knew everyone on the Y board, and Grubman sought his support, noting in a message to a friend that getting into that preschool was "harder than Harvard." In his e-mail to Well, Grubman spoke of his meetings with Armstrong, and the situation was "graying," but then devolved more of the message to the Y chairman:

What happened then is the subject of dispute. Grubman's name was accepted, and of a crowded field of applicants, and Citi made a \$3 million donation to the Y. Charitable generosity or quid pro quo?

What makes this story resonate across the land is the suggestion that big companies may use their big-donor status as leverage for influencing their decisions. American businesses are famous for their generosity to universities, hospitals, schools, galleries, museums, sports, and music. Chicago, for example, would not have harbored anomalies on a scale seen in few cities in the world were it not for the business community's deeply rooted tradition of funding local cultural groups.

The Grubman revelations come after accusations of large-scale fraud against Tyco's Dennis Kozlowski. The ex-CEO, whose educational background includes a study of architecture, had become a big figure in the New York art scene, a status that derived,

in part, from Tyco's now-famous gift galleries such as the Museum of Modern Art.

Milton Friedman (left, seated in this space) has long argued that corporations should pay dividends to stockholders and leave charitable giving up to them. He believes that top executives need not focus too much of their companies' largesse toward high-profile non-profits that put on expensive galas where CEOs and their wives could go to so-called for their generosity with the stockholders' money. The problem with his rigid doctrine, of course, is that total charitable donations would doubtless plunge if the biggies were banned from giving.

The Grubman/Wall connection is an interesting one, because, in the overwhelming majority of cases, a splendid relationship between the U.S. private and non-profit sectors Americans are far more generous in their charitable giving than Canadians. The endowments of major American universities and hospitals, for example, per the average funds of their Canadian counterparts to share, and I doubt that influence is a factor for most donors.

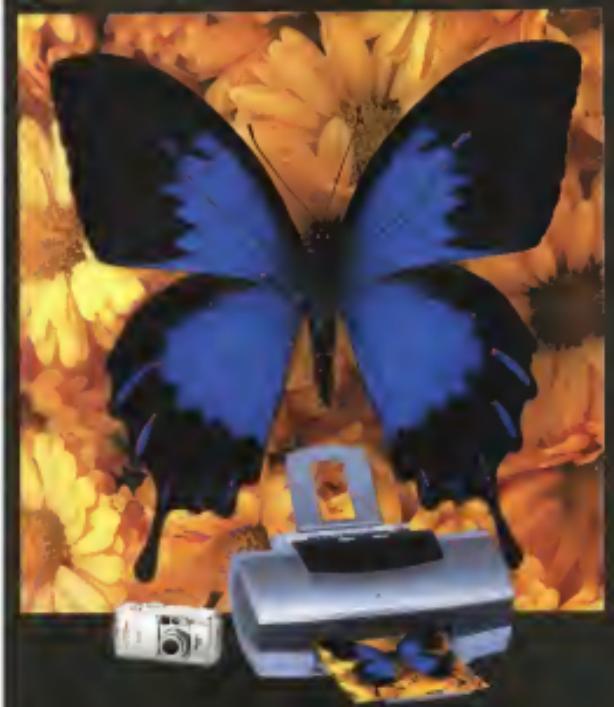
In contrast, the Toronto Symphony Orchestra nearly over-hauled over a \$7 million deficit. In Chicago, that kind of problem would have been solved, without publicity, by a few phone calls to wealthy donors, only some of whom head public companies. In the late 1990s, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Lyric Opera, the Court and Goodman theaters and the Museum of Contemporary Art had virtually simultaneous fundraising operations raising building programs, and raised more than US\$860 million, mostly from local sources.

Citi/Well is probably an unusual example of American big business. But corporate governance is about creating a system of rules and disclosure in which there are participants, not incentives, for misbehaving.

Could the U.S. non-profit sector continue to prosper if executives and governors concluded that charitable largesse requires the kind of controls recently imposed on political donations? Whether such a notion would truly profit from such constraints is problematic. The nation, and the North American arts community, would surely lose.

And all because of preschool and the wily Well.

The revelations could undermine a splendid relationship. Americans are far more generous to charity than Canadians.



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'ANOTHER PLANET'

Prison life is harsh. Time spent in a 'segregation unit' is even worse.

IN 1974, Michael Jackson received a brief sentence: he thought it earned credibility Whistler by a prison in the B.C. Penitentiary, which closed in 2004, the former complained about life in solitary confinement. "It described conditions I thought existed in Canadian prisons," recalls the University of British Columbia criminal law professor. Still, he visited the letter writer—and was shocked by the squalid cells, antagonistic guards, and racial harassment. He took up the cause and in 1975 the Federal Court of Canada ruled the conditions amounted cruel and unusual punishment and were unlawful.

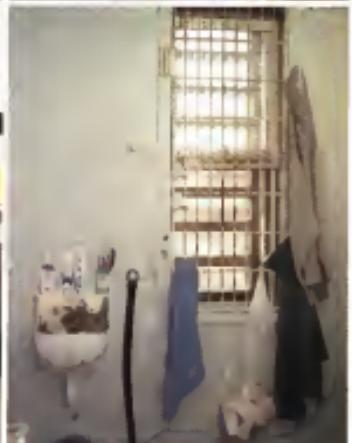
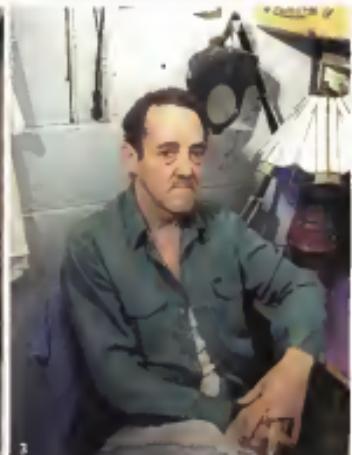
Since then, Jackson has spent much more time inside prisons. There have been many improvements, he says, but nothing changes the potential for abuse inherent in the relationship between "the keepers and the kept." One example: with "administrative segregation," a warden can keep an individual isolated, essentially at will. Jackson says prisoners say it's like "living on another planet."

The photos here were taken at the segregation units of B.C.'s Kent and Matapsi institutions, by Shane Jackson for his father's critically acclaimed second book, *Justice Be And See It*. Clockwise from above right: [1] Jeff Blaikie, on the 30th floor of "the hole" [2] High walls and a wire mesh ceiling block sun from Kent's exercise yard [3] soon after a jury awarded Hughie McDonald of mandatory a fellow prisoner, it took a B.C. Supreme Court ruling to spring him from segregation. [4] The same size as a cell, or "house," in the main living unit at Matapsi, a segregation cell at night [5] [6] Interview room [6] Electronic surveillance room [7] Emergency room now used only in emergencies. [8] Jackson was later told that when he visited prison in the '70s, tower guards had their gun pointed at his head.

For more photos and the text of the book, visit www.joshualeigh.com/literally.net



9





HOW TO FIX TV DRAMA

Want more good Canadian shows? ROGER MARTIN has a blueprint.

LAMENTS OVER the dearth of good Canadian television drama are frequent and, if anything, intensifying. In the July 15 issue of *Astoria*, the new CBC's chairman, Charles Dolgin, joined the chorus and hoped that discussions with Canadian producers and broadcasters could help focus their attention and resources on the holy grail of high-quality drama.

So why, I predict that nothing that has been discussed by Charles Dolgin or anyone else will change the current circumstances. Except for news and sports, Canadian ministers' second-rate桂冠-wearing content, endlessly repeat the only way they can or should be watching it. But this problem can be fixed. It requires a change in the fundamental structure of content rules, from regulating input-hours of Canadian programming to output—the level of Canadian-content viewership.

This story should be seen as an cautionary tale about high-minded but sloppy thinking regulators producing the exact opposite of what they want. These officials need to be intellectually precise in their logic or they

will simply have while trying to help.

In this case, the story of unhelpful logic started in 1963, when the Board of Broadcast Governors, the CBC's predecessor, became concerned about the increasing Americanization of Canadian television screens, and instituted new requirements. The rules have been tweaked several times over the years, but since the 1960s, at least 50 per cent of Canadian prime-time broadcast hours—40 per cent for the CBC—has had to be "Canadian content" (with a point system to identify the true Canadian-sounding program). This entered a downward spiral that has continued to the present.

To see why, the underlying structural logic won't be understood. When the regulations came in, it obvious that broadcasters were producing less than the desired 50 per cent Canadian content. Let's say, for the sake of argument, that it was 35 per cent; that at that level, they were able to attract the viewership that would generate sufficient advertising in order to produce Canadian content at a profit.

But then the requirements changed to 50

per cent—22 of the 42 hours of prime time, rather than the 15 that made economic sense to broadcasters. Of course, the regulators would say "It's bad, that's just the cost of doing business, and by the way, we gave you money for free so you're getting a good deal." All true, but truth doesn't help the regulators accomplish their goals.

The Canadian broadcaster, already satisfied with 15 hours of Canadian content and 27 of mostly U.S. material, needed to find a solution. One option could have been to turn heavily to the new Canadian hours in order to make them economically successful. However, logic holds that if such opportunities existed, they would already have been taken. The more likely alternative was to minimize the investment in the new hours in two ways—use the least attractive time slot, which have the lowest opportunity cost—and spend as little as possible on production, because those hours are guaranteed money-loser in any event.

The second, less obvious effect was to increase the spending per hour on the re-

maining 21 permissible hours of U.S. content. Why? Because instead of operating at the logical equilibrium of 27 hours, a point at which broadcasters were indifferent to selling or substituting from the total, they now wished they could invest more in U.S. programming. Given an incentive reward the limited duration, the incentive for the broadcasters was to top-dollar per hour for the best U.S. content.

The underinvestment in too many hours of Canadian content and the overinvestment in too few hours of U.S. content violated the quality gap. The return of Canadian viewers was absolutely minimal. Faced with an inelastic quantity of low-budget Canadian shows and a limited amount of high-cost U.S. ones, they chose to watch the American stuff and largely ignore the Canadians. So broadcasters had the incentive to further maximize the opportunity per hour in Canadian content and maximize the investment per hour in U.S. content, which lowered Canadian viewership and raised U.S. viewership, and so on....

Put forward to the present to find out where this downward spiral has left us in drama (including English), 90 per cent of English-language viewers' time is spent watching foreign programs and a mere 10 per cent on Canadian shows. This is both an embarrassment and a huge waste of resources spent on programs almost no one watches. But the regulators get credit while they asked for—production of Canadian content—even though they wanted something entirely different: Canadians produced happily watching Canadian shows.

That is the only thing about design of regulation—one gets what the regulator is designed to encourage. So the lesson is to be incredibly careful about what you encourage. No amount of exploring, probing or anything of the sort will change this.

It can be changed for the better with a fairly simple shift. What we want is more viewership of Canadian content. So don't regulate production of Canadian content, regulate viewership of Canadian content. If viewership of drama is 10 per cent now and unlikely to improve under the current rules set a viewership target of 12 per cent for next year, a whopping 20 per cent increase. Drop the input requirement entirely—the broadcasters can show as many hours of Canadian content as they wish. Establish an agreed upon methodology for mea-

The story is a cautionary tale about sloppy-thinking regulators producing the exact opposite of what they want

uring the number of people watching and a schedule of fines for missing the target. The greater the ruse, the greater the fine.

The would completely reverse the incentives: instead of returning spending across many hours, broadcasters would maximize the investment per hour in a few hours of Canadian programming in order to meet the 12 per cent target and avoid the penalty. Instead of giving Canadian drama the worst time slots, they would—at least indirectly—offer the best. While U.S. stations would still receive high investment—with 80 per cent of the projected viewership—these would not be incentive paid at the expense of Canadian shows, because the value of a Canadian show is its output regulation and let the companies figure out how to do it. In 1975, it established Corporate Average Fuel Economy (CAFE) targets that began at 18 miles per U.S. gallon in 1978 and rose to 23.4 mpg by 1985. Congress left the "how" to the automakers—through shifting smaller cars, making their large cars better, raising their gas-guzzlers fuel-efficient, whatever worked. Indeed, they did all of the above and met the requirements—doubling fuel economy in the American fleet. The only complaint about the CAFE regulations is that it is so much as 500 kg lighter, cars are forced to be less safe, and there has been a significant 10-20% which are regulated as light trucks with a 33.7 mpg CAFE standard. However, the goal of increasing fuel economy has been achieved efficiently without complicated, bureaucratic input regulations. In fact, SUV makers are fighting against calls to stringent SUVs as consumers seem only too easily the effectiveness of input regulation.

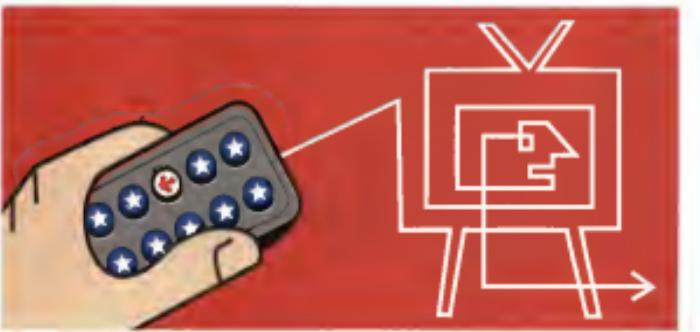
Canadian regulators have a choice with Canadian television. They can maintain the status quo and perpetuate an environment that guarantees an uncompetitive and unattractive producer. Or they can revolutionize the structure of regulation and give the Canadian industry a fighting chance. It is time to choose, really choose.

ducers who will begin to mirror those for their U.S. counterparts. American firms produce for the domestic market, hoping to pay far the investment at home and then sell the show internationally to manage cost. This reality is underscored by the supporters of Canadian programming, who openly point out that the cost per hour to bring in U.S. shows is much lower than the cost of creating Canadian drama. This is because the U.S. producers still live at marginal cost, while Canadian producers have to recover their investment in a small home market. However, with a high return in the local market for a successful Canadian show, this producer could look to international sales for incremental profit opportunities.

One might ask: Can this really be done? Is it this easy? In fact, output regulation has already been used successfully in a major U.S. industry. Financed by the difficulty in getting the automakers to improve their car's gas mileage, the U.S. Congress those to set output regulation and let the companies figure out how to do it. In 1975, it established Corporate Average Fuel Economy (CAFE) targets that began at 18 miles per U.S. gallon in 1978 and rose to 23.4 mpg by 1985. Congress left the "how" to the automakers—through shifting smaller cars, making their large cars better, raising their gas-guzzlers fuel-efficient, whatever worked. Indeed, they did all of the above and met the requirements—doubling fuel economy in the American fleet. The only complaint about the CAFE regulations is that it is so much as 500 kg lighter, cars are forced to be less safe, and there has been a significant 10-20% which are regulated as light trucks with a 33.7 mpg CAFE standard. However, the goal of increasing fuel economy has been achieved efficiently without complicated, bureaucratic input regulations. In fact, SUV makers are fighting against calls to stringent SUVs as consumers seem only too easily the effectiveness of input regulation.

Canadian regulators have a choice with Canadian television. They can maintain the status quo and perpetuate an environment that guarantees an uncompetitive and unattractive producer. Or they can revolutionize the structure of regulation and give the Canadian industry a fighting chance. It is time to choose, really choose.

Roger Martin is dean of the Rotman School of Management at the University of Toronto.





BEWARE OF FREER TRADE

Ottawa's desire to reopen NAFTA will lead to political union with the States

THE RECENT AVALANCHE of world news has all but obliterated the impact of a startling new Ottawa economic initiative that could profoundly affect Canada's future.

In a sequence of well-timed trial balloons, senior ministers and cabinet ministers have floated the notion that the Canadian economy must be transformed into what would amount to a branch plant of the American economy. This revolutionary design at the motion line, we enter into negotiations of the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). This would ultimately lead to Canada becoming part of a 31.5-billion-dollar market, fuelled by a common currency. (Guess which one.)

The first was fired last month by Bank of Canada governor David Dodge, whose background includes having been Paul Martin's most influential deputy minister in Finance. Arguably Ottawa's most powerful public servant, Dodge didn't dodge the bullet in a closely reasoned presentation to the Commons finance committee on Oct. 23, he advocated a radical update of the original NAFTA agreement, implemented by the Chrétien government in 1993. His most specific recommendation was that there ought to be a free flow of labour and capital, as well as goods and services, across the Canada-U.S. border.

Just in case somebody got the idea that the man whose signature appears on our paper currency was speaking off the top of his head, the next day Deputy Prime Minister John Manley declared that Ottawa means to expand NAFTA to take care of "unfinished business." Within 24 hours, International Trade Minister Pierre Pettigrew announced that he has already been discussing the redrafting of the NAFTA agreement with U.S. Trade Representative Bob Zoellick. The day after that, showing his cards at a meeting of Pacific Rim leaders in Mexico, Jean Chrétien confirmed what implied it was time to renegotiate the trade deal.

At one level, the sounds reassuringly sensible. The NAFTA past is almost 18 years old;

Why not take another look at this controversial agreement, and expand it?

Why not? When Brian Mulroney fought the 1989 election on fire made with the United States, I remember putting a couple of hyperbole phrasings together and labeling the move as "leap of faith through a window of opportunity."

That's exactly what turned out to be. Our exports to the U.S. exploded from \$113.5 billion in 1988 to \$184.4 billion in 2000, reaching U.S. exports' share of our gross domestic product to 35 per cent. In the context of a global economy, it's hard if not impossible to argue against such a dramatic jump in Canadian trade. Without it, our economy would be relegated to back woods status.

But it's not that easy.

Historically, trade agreements evolve in five stages:

First, a Free Trade Area to eliminate tariff restrictions between two countries. That was what Mulroney signed in 1989, even if we've had big trouble with American trade barriers since. (Trade balanced borders.)

Second, a Customs Union, which expands that arrangement by extending it to third partners. That was NAFTA, which included Mexico.

Third, a Common Market, which extends a Customs Union to include the free movement of labour and capital, as well as goods and services. That's where the current Ottawa initiative is at, albeit in a different form of free capital flow being pegged or fixed to the value of the American greenback. Instead, the Bank of Canada governor, who is bound

to be the dominant voice in any such deal, wants to take the next step, which could lead to a common currency. That, undeniably, would dominate most of his focus, because under such radical circumstances there could be no meaningful Canadian monetary policy.

Significantly, one of the few voices being raised against Ottawa's slide into such a drastic option is that of Prime Minister-in-Waiting Paul Martin, who has unequivocally declared: "We are going to stay with the Canadian dollar. It is by far the best course of action for us economically, and in terms of our sovereignty."

Fourth, an Economic Union, which is a Common Market plus the adoption of identical economic (not just trade) policies. That's about where Europe is at the moment. Many nations have surrendered. Economic fiscal, monetary and social policies are not the horizon. The European Union's soon to be 25 members are on their way to be creating a continental superpower.

Finally, Political Union, which adds to the extensive integration of Economic Union the surrender of political sovereignty. Former French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing is setting the groundwork for such a union by drafting a constitution for the new Europe that will include provisions for one transnational parliament, a common foreign minister, plus name for the proposed superstate. The European Union has the advantage that its 12 dozen members are culturally diverse enough to maintain democratic institutions. Plus the fact that a third of its adherents are mega economies will prevent any one of them from halting the proceedings. Any North American Common Market would be dominated by the Yankee dollar, and we wouldn't even have termites and infest bugs to mark the results of a difference.

What this rundown demonstrates is that once you launch your country to the Common Market stage, taking the road to political union is all but inevitable. Each step in the trade liberalization process demands that the next phase be implemented. To make the process more efficient, if we were to follow this sequence to its logical conclusion, only one difference between being Canadian and being American would remain: we would elaborate Thanksgiving on different dates. ■

Peter C. Newman's column appears monthly. www.macleans.ca/columns/petercnewman

Powerful people have floated the idea that our economy be transformed into what would amount to a U.S. branch plant

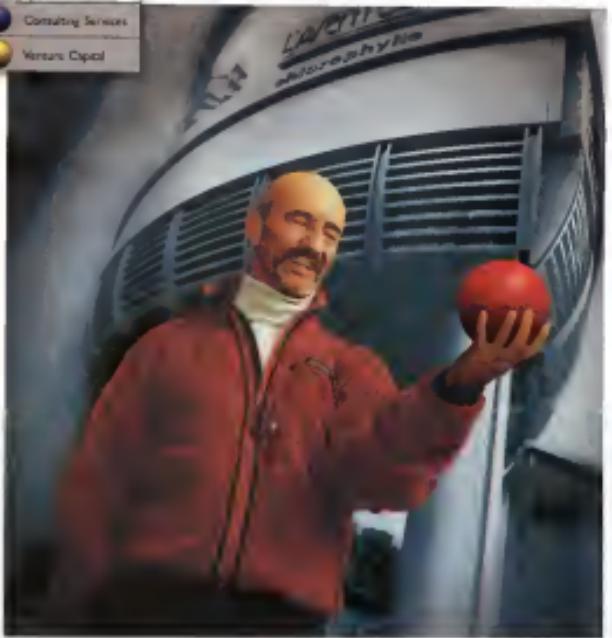
awards 2002

Young@entrepreneur

Open Air, President and CEO of Kavita Johnson Inc., was recently awarded last year by way of being the winner of the Business Development Bank of Canada's Young Entrepreneur Award for Ontario. He will also be the recipient of the Young Achievement Award offered by Export Development Canada, a young Canadian-based business driven by fast information products.

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A diversified outdoors company, Chemocity-based Groupe Chlorophylle/L'Aventurier designs and manufactures high-performance clothing, markets adventure travel and training, and sells clothing and gear through its retail arm. With subordinate financing and term loan financing from BDC, the group has expanded its chain of L'Aventurier stores in Quebec, bringing the total to nine. Taking advantage of rapid growth in the outdoor clothing segment, the company has established footholds in the US and Japanese markets. Next up: Europe and further expansion in the US. And, with BDC on board, Chlorophylle/L'Aventurier's explorations in growth have just begun.

Gilles Gaudé
President
Groupe Chlorophylle/
L'Aventurier
BDC client since 1996

Business Development Bank of Canada
IN BUSINESS FOR SMALL BUSINESS.



The Brains... The Boss... The Power

Their businesses are as diverse as the routes they travelled to achieve entrepreneurial excellence. Yet there are many common threads that link this year's Young Entrepreneur Award winners. All of them are highly competitive fields of endeavour and innovation has served as the catalyst to give them a leading edge.

All these young entrepreneurs are endowed with an indomitable spirit, keen insight and an unwavering commitment to transform their vision into reality. In the process, they have kept their eyes, ears and minds open, constantly seeking new ways to distinguish their business activities in a crowded marketplace.

More than entrepreneurs, these young people are leaders, creating a culture of innovation that is so instrumental to

the success of any enterprise. Innovative firms grow faster, a fact reflected by this year's Young Entrepreneur Award winners. All of them are highly competitive fields of endeavour and innovation has served as the catalyst to give them a leading edge.

BDC created the Young Entrepreneur Awards, part of Small Business Week, to recognize and honour the business achievements of Canadians aged 16 to 35 in every province and territory.

This year is the 10th anniversary of the YEA and in marking this milestone BDC is launching the YEA Forum. This mid-features training programs, discussions among YEA winners, academics and

business leaders, and consulting sessions delivered by members of the YEC Consulting Group.

The theme of this year's YEA is: "You're the brains, you're the boss, you're the power...let us tell the world." There is a compelling story behind each of our winning entrepreneurs and in the pages that follow we are proud to start telling the world about their exploits.

Nickel Veunt
President and CEO
Business Development Bank of Canada

Canada's small businesses are the country's main driver of job creation and the backbone of the economy. The entrepreneurial genius that powers small businesses across the country takes the form of innovative ideas, hard work and the energy required to turn dreams into reality.

Every year, Small Business Week celebrates small business managers and owners who have had the genius to transform a business concept into a viable commercial undertaking, creating opportunities for them to share success stories and discuss future projects. During the week,

events and activities are held across the country, organized by BDC branches in cooperation with the Canadian Chamber of Commerce and with the support of national and local sponsors.

The presentation of BDC's Young Entrepreneur Awards marks the launch of Small Business Week. Thirteen awards are presented annually to young owners of businesses across Canada. What drives these outstanding young people? Why do they deserve to be this year's recipients of the Young Entrepreneur Awards? Read on to learn more.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

From Garage to Greenhouse

Six years ago, brother GUY Bratt, now 28, and his brother, RON, operated their Surrey based Fresh Herbs and Specialty Vegetable business out of the family garage. They had one telephone, a computer and 10 acres of land. Today, Evergreen Herbs Ltd. has \$10 million in sales, is one of Canada's leading distributors of its product line, shaping gourmet lettuce, squash, kale, beans and the like as far away as Hong Kong and Japan.

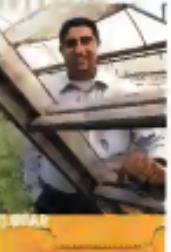
"My brother and I have always had a big passion for the business and the entrepreneurial spirit just grew from that passion," Guy relates. "I do both of us work at it six seven days a week and if there's a day we're not here we think something's wrong."

Evergreen

Herbs got the idea for the business because they sensed a lack of product diversity with most growers raising traditional root crops. They observed one of their competitors

in the specialty field and believed they could do things better in terms of quality and service.

When Ron graduated from high school, he was going to be a police officer and I was into marketing," relates Guy. "But we started working and things began to take off. Of course, without my mom, Monk and Dad, none of us would have been able to start Evergreen Herbs because we used their family farm."



Entrepreneurs... Building the New West

Entrepreneurs are fueling the economy of the West. Their ideas, drive and determination are creating jobs and building stronger communities across Canada.

To support small business entrepreneurs, Western Economic Diversification Canada (WED) funds the Western Canada Business Service Network – a network of partners offering over 100 points of service throughout the West. The network, made up of Canada Business Service Centres, Community Futures Development Corporations, Women's Enterprise Initiative offices and Francophone Economic Development Organizations, helps entrepreneurs access the financing, resources and guidance they need to start or grow a business.

WED and its partners congratulate the winners of the Young Entrepreneur Awards and celebrate the innovative spirit of entrepreneurs across Canada.

TJ and Ron Evert, Evergreen Herbs Ltd., South Surrey, BC

Jared Sayens, Red Holes Hot Tap Services Inc., AB

David O'Sullivan, Silica Care Inc., Invermere, BC

Tyler and Kirby Kempt, Scott Britton, Brent Stevenson, Tell Us About Us Inc., MB

Shawn McLeish, Head to Toe, Whitehorse, YT

Ryan Boherty, Fire Prevention Services Ltd., Yellowknife, NT

Tanya Tagaq Gikis, Writing Music, Cambridge, NU

Neil Cooke, IC Information Technology Consulting Inc., Kasota, DN

Marc Pelletier, Maude Duquet, Marc Mohamed, Headcheck Inc., Lévis, QC

Jeremy Beaumont, PropertyGals.com Inc., Moncton, NB

Carla McGuarne, Future Aqua Farms Ltd., West Chéticamp, NS

Justin Mackay, Tenacious Technologies Inc., Belfast, PE

Gregory Roberts, Piffey's Island Enterprises Ltd., Piffey's Island, NF

■ 1-800-338-WEST (9378)

■ www.wed.gc.ca

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Canada

Hot-tapping Helmsman

Jared R. Sayens is no stranger to oil wells. (Ten years ago, at the age of 19, he worked for his father's company helping to control lines in Keweenaw.) That experience evolved into owning the only Canadian hot-tapping company which provides a full turnkey package to the oil and gas industry.

I guess I've always been interested in the oil and gas sector," admits Sayens. At one point I considered becoming a contractor but I decided it wasn't

for me and came back to the oil and gas industry."

Hot-tapping which involves welding connectors onto existing piping or pipelines while gas or oil is flowing through them, is not for the timid of heart. Sayens acknowledges that it may seem dangerous to the untrained but last year his company added its 362 successful hot-taps.

Sayens' company is also in the design engineering manufacturing

sector recently building a high-pressure hot tap machine and clamping system for a firm in Kazakhstan.

They had resources looking all over the world for a 10,000 psi

louvers per square inch machine

says Sayens.

"No one else had built it or had anything like that. We said, yes we can do that, and we built something tested it, and proved it to them."



In Caring Hands

Ten years ago, David O'Sullivan was 29 years of a career crossroads. At his third year as an average engineering student, he knew he wanted to do something else but wasn't sure what. Then his mother, a registered nurse in Ireland, and a highly-respected cancerous

survivor, opened up a care home. That piece of maternal advice has stayed strong to an entrepreneurial career that has seen O'Sullivan open three Silica Care homes and hook up with a business partner, John Ressler, in owning a

successful a gourmet pizza place and series local Jocks Coffees franchise.

I would describe myself as the most fortunate person on earth because I have great people I work with, relatives, O'Sullivan who got his first job as a technician at age 15 and still remembers the feeling of satisfaction of pocketing his first tip.

O'Sullivan credits the persistence of a Silica Care employee for spawning him into action as the YEA application deadline neared. "She

planned it every day and asked, David, did you fill in that Entrepreneur of the Year Award application yet?" I said, no, she said, 'Get to work! I mean, I didn't fill it out the application.'

Nowadays, O'Sullivan is not only running his companies but is writing the operations manual to franchise the various businesses. If anyone out there is looking for franchising opportunities, my cell phone is always on, he declares.



Telling It Like It Is

Developing the right synergy in a fast-paced business might pose a formidable challenge but that hasn't been the case for Tyler Gravel 29, his brother Kirby 27, Scott Brinkley 27 and Brett Stevenson 25. The four are Winnipeg-based Tell Us About Us Inc., which provides proactive customer satisfaction and quality measurement programs, along with corrective customer service and complaint management services.

"We have a heavy foundation of trust," explains Tyler a sentiment that Gravel expands on by noting, "There's definitely a common thread in our understanding of the strategies and objectives of the company as a whole."

The partners, who are friends from their university days, are pleased whenever they are dealing with their growing North American and international clientele; otherwise they'll sit down with executives and staff to discuss goals and accomplishments.

Of the partnership, Stevenson says, "It really is a team effort."

Kirby brings a technical capability, Tyler brings the creative thought and vision. Scott combines the technical vision and analytical aspect. Brett brings the enthusiasm and I drive the roller coaster sales days.

John Ressler: "The thing about this partnership is that we are friends as well as professionals. We look at ourselfs and turned it into a living breathing entity that has gone from zero to a million-dollar operation with unlimited potential and an exciting future."



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Michael Scott
Michael Scott, Executive Vice President
Commercial Financial Services

Cream of the Consulting Crop

Neil Cooke 29 is unapologetic when asked about his recipe for success in growing the Kanata technology consulting firm he co-owns with Jean Mathieu Soguen. "Great people right-bottom line! Do things that make sense. It's very simple."

A Dalhousie University Bachelor of Commerce graduate with some engineering background at the University of Waterloo, Cooke says he developed his focus for the company—whose name is a play on the words, "Innovate"—following an

internship with a major Canadian corporation.

The vision which Cooke specifically describes as "Building clients and consultants as equals" has produced stunning results. In four years of business, MC—which provides consultants in telecommunications, information systems, and other fields, has seen its revenue go from rapid to 150 and its annual revenues increase by more than 500 per cent.

An aggressive risk-taker, Cooke

says the organization's teamwork has been instrumental in helping MC make "a lot of money" via some very big projects.

Cooke attributes his own entrepreneurial flair to his ability to readily comprehend the business side of dealings and his knack for working with people and bringing them together.

"I understand the accounting which I believe is the key for anyone who wants to be an entrepreneur," he adds.



Skateboarding to Success

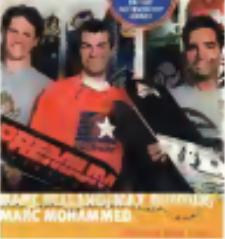
Skateboarding was a popular pastime for like-minded Marc Peltard and Marc Mohammed at 29, while growing up on Montreal's south shore. Now they're into the sport in a much bigger way. They create language-based Rockabilly Inc., a manufacturer and distributor of skateboard—including its own Premium Skateboards brand—with projected sales of \$3 million this year.

We started the business out

of a passion for the sport," recalls Peltard, a world-class skateboarder and record 8 Games competitor who founded the company with Mohammed in 1996. Mohammed, a past owner of two skateboard shops, credits that experience with helping him develop an instinct and a very good understanding of what needs to transpire at a skateboard and how it should be presented to them.

Peltard describes Peltard, a

Sainte-Foy University graduate and Chartered Financial Analyst, as "having more at a passion for the business side of things." Peltard points to being fascinated with business since the age of six. "I read books and I wonder if that's why I go to the carter store and buy a chocolate bar and the guy had bought it for less and was selling it to me for more."



NEW BRUNSWICK

One of the Property Guys

The concept developed from a conversation between Ken Lefebvre and New Atlantic Capital University students Jeremy R. Denomme, 23, and Michael Rydel early in 1999.

Every day I see lawn signs in Meadow advertising houses for sale, but what else can these people do? After all, put signs on their lawns and maybe take out classified ads when it began in 1999. PropertyGuys.com, a one-stop shopping operation for the (made-to-order) home marketing

service provider that uses a unique package of solutions—including internet listings with photos and signage services—to help homeowners sell their properties. And all for a flat fee ranging from \$400 to \$200.

For Denomme, who co-owns PropertyGuys.com with Lefebvre, running his own business is the fulfillment of a dream. "Strangely, Denomme asked his colleagues, 'What would you do?' says Denomme. "Winning the award comes at a perfect time as the company's growth and it's kind of amazing how things worked out that way."



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An Aquaponic Experience

A visit to a salmon hatchery is a 10 year old spawning Carl MacQuarrie's interest in aquaculture. Not only did aquaculture and hydroponics or aquaponics become her university Major's thesis, they have developed into a profitable market through her company Future Edge Farms Inc. in Charlottetown, NS. Their meaty products from tropical fish are transformed into delicious organically and hydroponically grown vegetables, such as arugula, basil, tomatoes and fresh herbs. People would look at our

business plan and say "It looks good on paper but how are you going to get it to work?" relates MacQuarrie. And now we're one of Newfoundland's top aquaculture/agriculture farm spots for government departmental and trade missions.

MacQuarrie says her company is unique in that it has turned a traditionally water- and energy-consuming system into one that is energy efficient and very sustainable. The system which is a novel approach from a research and development perspective has

attracted widespread attention globally, judging from the volume of correspondence that MacQuarrie receives.

The organic products, non-animal, have drawn raves at the Saltmarsh Farmers' market, and the whole Tableback environment that Future Edge Farms Inc. represents. The approach used is a particular favorite! As MacQuarrie says simply, "You might get the same nutrients chemically but organically it's so much richer and fuller."



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Data- and Family-Based

From a small base in Charlottetown, Justin MacLeod's family operated Timmies Technologies develops database solutions for clients at home and abroad—software packages that do everything from helping the local hospital manage its blood bank to assisting sports leagues in programming schedules.

The software industry is very competitive, even more so now with the advent of the Internet. MacLeod says his company has been able to reach the world market the way no other has.

support and his wife looks after the bookkeeping.

The Indians reflect steady growth since 1997; the year in which MacLeod began developing all his programs for the company.

"When you start looking back at where you were then and where you are now, it's nice to see that you're drawing a positive upward trend," says MacLeod.



NEWFOUNDLAND & LABRADOR

Cornering the Rural Market

Gregory Roberts' 30 has the trademarks of an entrepreneur and a sangfroid of an old fashioned small-town merchant when it comes to risk-taking. He has parlayed his risk-taking into a line of thriving businesses—a stationery store, convenience store, restaurant, pharmacy and a chartered accountant practice among them—in a largely unpopulated market in rural Newfoundland.

The part of the country is probably the one most controlled by investors and because of this

there are numerous opportunities

for entrepreneurs whose family has a long history as entrepreneurs. In fact, one of Gregory's brothers runs a competing gas station nearby. Many Canadian industries are well-established that there's little room for new entrants. Activities involved in community affairs at the Green Bay South are including volunteer work as a trustee with the local school board and Christmas Inn's charity's distribution of Christmas hampers to the needy—Roberts says that he

and his staff are firm believers in giving back to the community.

As for his ability to achieve the goals of his company's five-year plan in a mere two years' Roberts declines. It is a combination of diversification, maintaining strict internal control and surrounding himself with many excellent people. The biggest asset in the company is not found on its balance sheet but in its human resources—the many talented people who work for the company."



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ADVERTISING & MARKETING

NUNAVUT



Throat-singing Trailblazer

Like many teenagers in their final year of high school, Tanya Tapog, then, now 27, had no idea what she wanted to do with her life. Fortunately, she heeded the advice of her art teacher and went to Nova Scotia to obtain a Fine Arts degree at the College of Art and Design. Today she is showing her visual art talent as an accomplished painter and throat-singer to advance her career.

Throat singing—a unique Inuit art form traditionally sung a couple of octaves lower than most human voices—has taken her on tour around the world. She has also performed with Icelandic singing artist Bjork to whom Tapog was introduced after exhibiting her paintings in Frank. These Tapog helped break the singer to prepare a video. When Tapog started performing a

few years ago, she paid her own way to gigs, using money she earned from teaching. It wasn't long before her vibrant throat singing and musical lyrics dealing with beauty and life inspired lots of people to attend and purchase her work.

"I've been happy with each stage of my career in the arts," remarks Tapog, who recently released her first CD.

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

Northern Fire Suppressor

When he first got into the fire prevention services business out of high school at Thlewakwa in the early 1990s, Ryan Doherty, now 29, was handed a beat-up mini manual and told to get busy installing fire suppression systems. He figured it'd be a fast learner, both then and several years later at a similar company where he worked as a technician.

I was at that company for three months, and when the managers quit they offered me a management job.

Doherty "I guess the owners saw something in me and decided to give me a shot." Then months later, my father and I got interested in purchasing the company. I guess at that point, I decided this was the career path I wanted to take. Now we're the only full-service station in the north.

Ten years removed from the days of delivering cylinders and pumping away on extinguishers, Doherty oversees the responsible use of a full range of fire

suppression systems for businesses, homes and vehicles. It's a growing market and Doherty believes the potential is still largely untapped.

We're just beginning to touch the surface of what's actually out there," he explains. There are all those diamond mines popping up and that's one really large area we're going to start focusing on. The mines are huge on safety."



YUKON



A Body of Work

As an entrepreneurial Shain McRitchie, 29, describes herself as a bit adventurous, a bit conservative and most spontaneous—it don't make it sound like it's all roses, I think. I let people know what it's really like living in business is a lot of hard work. It's a constant struggle, especially in the current economy. You have to be very sharp indeed in the times.

McRitchie, who borrowed \$80,000 in start-up money from a close friend to open her own hair and

body studio in Whitehorse in 1996, is managing to stay a conservative stride ahead. With a staff of seven, including herself and Sister Stacy Kenderdine, McRitchie, a trained esthetician from Vancouver's London School of Esthetics, finds herself a customer and manages a full-range salon that services 10,000 bookings a year in a community of about 30,000.

McRitchie is an accomplished make-up artist who lists her work in film make-up for the American

Discovery Channel and the ABC, and found time in her hectic schedule to develop and market her own line of makeup-called DMA. For her insects, she currently sells the product in her shop but is considering cross-Canada distribution in the future.

I think a big big factor in having a good business is actually working at it," says McRitchie. "That's what you have to do; you have to make yourself totally available."

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THE AERO-CASTE SYSTEM

I used to scorn airline perks. Then I got them, and became an instant sky snob.

IF YOU'RE ANYTHING like me, and savvy enough to know that air democracy breeds equality, you probably haven't spent much time in our nation's airports. While we go about our daily routines, most of us are blissfully ignorant of stratospheric structure and our place within it. Not until we are afforded with deep-wait throats does the true nature of our social hierarchy reveal itself in its harriedness glory.

On many occasions, specifically while standing in airport "hospitality" line-ups longer than the Great Wall of China, I have had time to contemplate how passengers who fly our national airline are blithely sorted by class in such terms as Member, Prestige, Elite and Super Elite. We may as well be labelled Surf, Lite and March, but those words don't translate nicely into our two official languages.

I have been thinking more about this issue since I was recently elevated beyond great Member status to, albeit not supreme, level of尊贵。 Due to a combination of circumstances which include business often on two continents, I managed to accumulate enough miles in eight months to strip the Prestige ring of the benefit holder altogether and land firmly on the penultimate rank. I am now, I am flabbergasted to admit, a member of the Elite Club.

For years, the fanatical frugality of les-pas-chien class was merely a reminder of how lucky I was to be able to travel more than the average citizen. I earned thousands of frequent between the first three or four rows as I boarded yet another plane and submitted to airline seating. I partook of pretzels with coughing and sneezing strangers. I suffered Marsh Bumf Syndrome and did Regal entertainment waiting in the lengthy layover line-ups. I did not return—ouch—the free liquor I knew was being distributed to the盛装 at the front. Abstinent and modest discussions about character-building.

That was until a fatwah envelope promising enjoyable air travel for an entire year arrived on my desk, complete with baggage

tags and upgrade coupons. My idealism for an egalitarian society was discarded in quickly in an attacking string on the champagne and orange juice!

I was extremely gratified to learn that I could fly first class on an economy fare ticket with an upgrade coupon, several of which I now possessed, that the zero baggage I was now allowed would be among the very first off the caissons at the end of my journey, and that I had no made track in the contrast quest for round-trip tickets.

Best of all, I was now world of entering that hallowed world of business travellers, the lounge with the big leather sofa. I had discovered that hallowed place as a signal of guest status in member, but always felt conspicuous and vaguely unwelcome, like a student in the teacher's staff room at lunchtime. Now I was entitled to cross the threshold on my very own, sleep the free house, rock the reclachers, collect my email and use a ritually fancy bathroom. With all those perks now afforded me, I succumbed to the attraction of the aero-caste system. I became an instant sky snob.



Brought my indignation when I took my next trip and discovered that some benefits accorded to Elite status are actually conditional, such as those upgrade certificates that are only valid for higher-priced economy fares (my "shrap") which don't qualify. More shabbily, I learned that some Elite benefits, such as access to award seats that are even less cost on the Grand Staircase, are in practice reserved for the fraternity of the highest level. Super Elite is restricted to disciples of Hermes, such as my partner, who are welcome most of their staying lives. When he managed to get from Seattle to Paris via Canada and England those days after 9/11, when the rest of the Western world was landlocked for a week, I searched his suitcase for gold feathers.

Be now I am emotionally conflicted. The voice of conscience, left over from my atheist days, urges me to be true to my belief that we are all created equal and beyond the Elite label altogether. However, my practical side argues, it is impossible for me not to fly, and it would be a real pain in the cockpit not to be able to pay for premium seating given its direct routes to my usual destinations. Should I declare myself in the first person to voluntarily forfeit the benefits, honored but pained, of upper-level frequent flying? That may be obvious, but it is problematic. The fact remains that whatever I do, I will be pigeon-holed into a class—a class with perks or none without. I'm afraid it's a no-brainer.

Also, an insidious structures, seemingly always excluded. *Exclusive* is a fact of our existence, we all want to belong to something bigger than ourselves that distinguishes us from the rest of the malleable, whether it is a religious affiliation or social club. And the fact that we have "ranked" our place in this group, the seat of entitlement is secure. Hence, the self-satisfied smile of frequent flyers as they are passed a complimentary menu offering a Terrene of Goose Liver with Truffles and Prawns, knowing everyone in the back is eating a cold ham and cheese sandwich.

The freedom to belong to these groups, or to choose not to, is one of the biggest rewards of living in our democratic, if not capitalist, society. I hope to take comfort from that though the next time I'm bumped from a flight.

Kimberley Hicks does her flying out of Melville. To comment, www.kimberleyhicks.ca



BATTLING THE KILLER BEETLE

The race is on to stop an alien invader before it can destroy the ash tree

THERE'S A RESIDENTIAL neighbourhood at Windsor's west end that's a pleasant collection of stately old bungalows and 1930s-story houses built soon after the Second World War. There, a short walk from the Ambassador Bridge linking the southwest Ontario town to Detroit, were three dozen 40-year-old houses on California Avenue—but they won't be much longer. City forester Bill Boedel surveys the devastation caused by a venomous Asian beetle that is choking ash trees to death. The emerald ash borer, discovered just this year in Michigan and, two months later, in Windsor, is marching inexorably through Windsor's 6,000 ash trees, and already have spread east and west. Avian experts concern whether it will reach Point Pelee National Park, a spectacuar sanctuary for migrating birds poling into Lake Erie just 50 km to the southeast. And it is not heading toward the task ahead

damage. In any case, sales someone finds answers quickly. Rosen expects to lose all the city's arabs. Cutting them down could cost up to \$4 million, plus fees for safe disposal; replacing them with other species would run another \$2 million.

If the defence strategies don't work, the experts warn it could get as bad as the dengue virus that decimated those stoutly treated across North America. British Columbians know the feeling. There, the forest industry is battling a beetle-grass-killer, the mountain pine beetle, that threatens \$4.2 billion worth of timber. Ottawa has stepped in with \$40 million to combat that outbreak.

With no natural predators, and thriving on trees with no effective resistance, the emerald ash borer has been free to spread. If it isn't stopped, the biggest impact will likely be felt in urban landscapes in Eastern Canada, where the trees are widely used.





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Promes, where ash is sometimes used as a woodbreak. But ash is not just an urban shade tree. Harvested primarily in Ontario and Quebec, it is used in furniture, flooring, kitchen cabinets, tool handles, baseball bats and hockey sticks—all of which, thanks to the unseasonal green horns, may now cost more. Ken Marchant, a forester specialist with the Canadian Food Inspection Agency (CFIA), responsible for preventing pests from spreading, says Windsor's infestation presents a serious threat in Ontario, and potentially other parts of Canada. Marchant says the damage goes beyond money: "It's very difficult to put a monetary value on any tree," he says. "The environmental impact could be far worse."

Native to Mongolia, China, eastern Russia, Korea, Japan and Taiwan, the boiser weevil first appeared last May in Michigan. It took until July, with the help of a Michigan entomologist, to identify the mysterious invader. Ten days later, Michigan clamped a quarantine on Detroit and five surrounding counties. The ash boiser probably landed in Detroit's port after hitching a ride on wooden packing crates or the soap-lather used to wedges to secure cargo in a ship's hold. It appears the infestation took root in southeastern Michigan at least five years ago. The state surveyed 600,000 landscapes trees and 11 million ash trees in forests and found half of them dead, dying or showing symptoms. Every ash tree in the affected counties could be dead in as little as three years. There are 790 million ash trees in the state—for now. They're just four per cent of the forest, but it's still a lot of trees.

The boiser kills by laying tiny eggs on the bark. Once the larvae hatch, they burrow through and attack the tree's circulatory system just below the bark's surface, starving the flow of nutrients and water. A tree can be internally infected and show no immediate outward signs. Teasing away the bark reveals serpentine grooves left by the well-fed larvae, which hibernate over the winter. In the spring, the larvae pupate and in May emerge as adults, leaving behind telltale D-shaped holes in the tree bark. Within a year, up to half of the tree canopy dies. The tree sometimes sprouts branches along the trunk in a last-ditch but ultimately futile effort to survive. Trees usually die within two to three years.

The Detroit River only delayed the boiser's assault on Canada. Papers enclose the



The Asian bug has infested trees in Lakeland and other communities around Toronto

sunrise started a hour after the bug reached Michigan. Canadian scientists first spotted the bug in July—identified in August, and followed that with a risk assessment. Federal Agriculture Minister Lyle Vanclief signed the quarantine order in mid-September. While Marchant says the food inspection agency advised local news outlets and state officials of the order in September, it wasn't until a month later that the agency issued a media release to stimulate wider awareness. Lawyer Robert Holden, a member of the Windsor-based Ash Roots Coalition, thinks the government was reacting too slowly. Holden wants Federal Funds allocated promptly so the country's tree-to-stop this bug can fly.

The global free trade in bugs like the ash borer has forestry operators hard. In October, 45,000 a golden cedar in the town of Tawatinaw, east of Windsor, and inside the quarantined zone. Bell says he has about 1,800 acres, 10 to 72 years old, that would have been worth as much as \$150,000. Now, he couldn't give them away. The father

of three sons is remarkably optimistic—perhaps he is to be a hero, he says. With a chill wind denting the day's crisp, he surveys the wreathes from his labour. He is prepared to move on, but wants federal officials to act promptly to stop the boiser's advance. "They have to do the right thing," says Bell, "and they have to do it quick."

But what can you do when the available resources and knowledge aren't how fast the bug can fly? The five-kilometre "firebreak" is one potential option, but is that wise enough? "That's based on what we know about firebreaks," says Marchant, "which isn't a lot." Adding the agency, however, are the use of slower saws, however, in the region. Meanwhile, the CFIA has warned all Ontario municipalities to be on the lookout. Canadian U.S. officials are collaborating, and the CFIA is trying to develop better survey techniques to more accurately define the outer limits of the infestation.

Will this be brought in Toronto, 370 km to the northeast, by forester Richard Ubbens? Is taking steps to enhance staff and the public to prevent the 27,000 ash trees that live city ranges. An infestation could cost millions, and rob entire neighbourhoods of their treasured canopy. It's not just aesthetics, either. Without shade, increased air-conditioner use would require more electricity, exacerbating an already serious energy problem as power plants struggle to keep up. "Nonetheless on denuded streets could be property values drop. "When you consider the whole range," says Ubbens, "it's quite depressing."

One possible strategy would be to fell every ash tree in a five-kilometre-wide ring surrounding the affected areas

WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

Gail Anderson-Dargatz
muses on transcendence

FOUR YEARS AGO, when Gail Anderson-Dargatz and her husband were staying at a farmhouse in Molten, Alta., duckweed would regularly land on the chimney, fall into the fire and land unconsciously in the basement. Such "stupid duck modesties," she says, inspired her to use the birds as a scene for her most recent novel, *A blossom in winter*. With a dead duck dropping from the sky and a chapter duck-waddling around a kitchen, the tangerine Anderson-Dargatz creates border on skeptical. But, as with her best-selling previous novels—*The Care for Darkly/Lightning (now out for a Collier in 1996)* and *A Recipe for Love* (also mentioned, in 1996)—these artfully deployed lighter touches do not undermine the new book's serious themes.

When the duck drops, it strikes Job Sonnen on the head. Job is a single, chafing farmer with an unusually прямой face and an even more unusual sensory disorder, synesthesia. It leads him to perceive sounds as colours and shapes, creating a sense of euphoria which inexplicably transforms him from the mundane. But when his older brother, Jacob, an unemployed Baptist preacher, returns to the family farm with a skeevish wife and alienated adolescent, Job starts to lose touch with her mystical side, falling prey to guilt and anxiety.

Following his brother's urging, Job finds with evangelist, even speaking in tongues in the hope of regaining his sense of wonder. He also develops an appreciation for the awe inspiring acts of nature around him, and it is this tension between earthly and religious paths to happiness that drives the resolution of the novel.

As with the ducks, Anderson-Dargatz's exploration of the transcendental also draws upon events close to home. In 1994, doctors removed a large tumour from her husband's



The best-selling B.C. author's new novel is propelled by the tension between earthly and ethereal paths to happiness

brain. In the years leading up to the grand mal seizure that precipitated the operation, and during the post-surgery recovery that followed, Floyd was unable to filter out environmental stimuli. "Screaming and laughing became overwhelming," explains the 59-year-old author. Her skewed perception forced him with "a powerfully emotional, profound sense of time."

Anderson-Dargatz became convinced that she the ability to sense something beyond the "real" world is "built into our flesh."

She believes that's why humans are created and reigned. In the United Church near Salmon Arm, B.C., the author (now living in Vancouver Island) also flirted with evangelical Christianity in her late teens. She started questioning her faith at university, but kept her own sense of awe about the world. "It's hard to talk about without sounding flaky. I'm from a farming family. We're so grounded we can't get our feet out of the mud." Then she takes the plunge: "I don't have a shelf in God now, but we,

when a fascinating thing to be alive."

In a setting as opaque as the grand mal, the pause and rigidity of the born again make them easy targets. But she remembers how awful she was during her break with evangelism, and an unapologetic dignity to her characters. While celebrity evangelist Jack Deere speaks Beautiful Harvest Church in a Farmer's Supply with a sign in the parking lot reading, "Miracles That Way," his flock includes people who somehow find more than adequate fervour lighting their souls. Still, her criticism of the damage inflicted by a narrow world view ultimately prevails.

Yesterday, Anderson-Dargatz gave birth to Griselda, her first child, shortly after she put the finishing touches on *A blossom in winter*, then turned to a new novel. "When I was breast-feeding, I was constructing one in my mind," she says. "It was like a bubble would pop, like in the time before falling asleep. That fuzzy head-space—lactation brain, I call it—is the space I'm in when I write. It used to take me two hours to get there, now I just live in it." Gail Anderson-Dargatz, it seems, is an inextricable term with transcendence.

II



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BORN TO BLOOM UNSEEN

In two novels by Canadian women, female protagonists struggle in obscurity

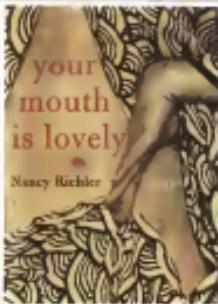
THEY ARE TWO historical novels written by Canadian women. Both are set in flower beds and poetically charged times. Both stories are told by not-so-pretty young women who, abandoned by their mothers at an early age, struggle to come to terms with feelings of longing and loss. But despite the similarities, publisher HarperCollins is not revering to formula. Helen Humphreys' *The Lost Garden* and Nancy Richler's *Your Mouth Is Lovely* are very distinct tales with disparate appeal.

The Lost Garden, by Kingston, Ont., poet and novelist Helen Humphreys, concerns Gwen Davis, a prudish housewife who has displaced her estranged wife with a passion for gardening and the fiction of Virginia Woolf. Although her mother has recently died, in reality she'd left Gwen long ago. As German bombs leave her beloved London in ruins, she accepts a post on a subdivided Devon estate overseeing a winging of the Land Girls charged with plowing pastures. The friendships she develops—one with a Canadian officer also stationed on the estate who is writing to his fiancée, the other with a Land Girl whose father is missing in action—enable her to step away from the walls of self-protection she has spent years constructing. At the turn of time, she discovers a hidden garden on the property and sets about deciphering the story of loss and love encoded in the names and attributes of its flowers. The garden serves as a metaphor for Gwen's voyage of self-discovery, as well as that of her friends.

Gently composed and evocative, Humphreys' prose deftly carries the narrative. Reflecting on the changes wrought by the war, Gwen says, "I realize that we haven't left our lives. They've left us. The known things in them. The structure of our days. All the bones of who we are have been removed from us. We have been abandoned by the vertebrae of ourselves, by the soft weight of the old world." When Humphreys' third novel follows the character of Gwen, even in her most vulnerable moments, she remains an elusive figure, a curiosity rather than



Humphreys' book is a carefully composed, evocative chronicle of self-discovery.



In Richler's novel, a revolutionary in Russia explains herself to her daughter.

someone who elicits great empathy. As with a beautiful garden, it is the texture of the book more than any individual aspect that lingers in the mind.

The opening lines of Vancouverite Nancy Richler's second novel, *Your Mouth Is Lovely*, happen to feature a garden. It is the spring of 1911 in Siberia, and Miriam, the 23-year-old Jewish narrator, is serving the fifth year of a life sentence for her part in the failed 1905 uprising. Describing the smell of mould and decay as a fellow inmate remarks upon the compost in the jailhouse, she sets up the story's main themes of loss and regeneration. This story is framed as a letter Miriam is writing to her daughter—born shortly after her imprisonment and now living with an aunt in Montreal—complaining her own childhood and the events leading to her political involvement. A prominent, and finally drawn, figure in Miriam's dreams is her favored thinking

stepbrother, Tala, who prides himself on raising an intelligent daughter. Haunted (as names, usually) by a past filled with infamy, and living in dangerous terrain as a Jew, Miriam's most poignant is a pass between the traditionalism of her small village and the revolutionary ideas percolating in the Russian underground.

In a refreshing departure from most novels about revolution, *Your Mouth Is Lovely* places women at its centre. Tasha, who holds a master's degree in Russian studies, has created a strong, intelligent woman, from tribe leaders to village yeast. Even the old women's gossip, so easy to parody, is infused with dignity and wit. The author is equally adept at integrating the political issues of the day into the text. Never forced, they simply become part of the fabric of her characters' lives. In Richler's book, both story and texture leave a lasting impression.

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A PROPHET GETS SOME HONOUR

BRIAN D. JOHNSON looks at the McLuhan revival

MARSHALL McLUHAN, what are you doing? During the late '60s, this gibberish became a running gag on *Laugh-In*, a week television's kookiest answer to the counterculture. It confirmed that McLuhan, a Toronto academic, had become an unlikely icon of American pop culture, a house-sold saint like Timothy Leary or Chairman Mao. But it was also a sign that this once-controversial guru, the most prodigious intellectual of his time, was becoming absurd, and erased, by the very phenomenon that he analyzed with such slyly-lens of identity in the media vertex.

'Big discoveries are protected by public credibility'

THE MEDIA had their fun with McLuhan, treating him as a preening novelty act, but by his death in 1980, he had been discredited in the academic world, which looked askance at his vulgar celebrity. By '81, most of his books were out of print. And now there are university graduates who draw a blank when you mention McLuhan's name. Ohm may recall only a couple of catchphrases—"the global village" or "the medium is the message." McLuhan had the bedrock of what's now called mediaphilia, and carried it the last decade before it crumbled. But his ideas have been as well subsumed by pop culture that we can't forget where they came from. There's no mention of McLuhan in *National Lampoon's* *No Logo*, the best selling book of the anti-globalization movement. Yet his notion of the "broadscope" seems conceivable without his vision of the media as a superintelligent environment.

Finally, however, McLuhan appears to be enjoying a comeback. And it's anyone led the way by adopting him as a kind of



McLuhan with David Best's 1966 work *Pred-Powers All*, inspired by the guru's theme

McLuhan's own new documentaries, McLuhan's ABC and McLuhan's Wake, plus a series of 15 commercial length appetizers called McLuhan's Probes—printing his spin-theories on NASA space footage set to classical music. "The resurgence is long overdue," says David Sobeck, a McLuhan scholar who wrote the three DVD projects "McLuhan's been known in Europe and the United States than in Canada."

Directed by Kevin McLuhan, Africa which

McLuhan with David Best's 1966 work *Pred-Powers All*, inspired by the guru's theme

McLuhan, a feature co-produced by the National Film Board, examines its subject in McLuhan-esque style, choreographing his ideas with a maelstrom of images. McLuhan issues on the wharf—or "the world pool," as McLuhan called it—an enormous map metaphor. In describing "the huge vortex of energy" created by technology, McLuhan drew a story by Edgar Allan Poe, *A Descent into the Maelstrom*, and posed the question: "How are we to get out of the maelstrom created by our own ingenuity?"

McMahon

seems to have the same problem. Interrogating his well-edited docu-memoir with overwrought intonation sequences of a sailor trapped in a whirlpool, he breaks the metaphorical dry. The blurraker, who grew up in Niagara Falls, Ont., and made a documentary called *The Falls*, can't seem to escape the stories. But his film does a superb job showing how McLuhan fore saw that "the electric age" would colour our world with a virtual environment.

"The future is not what it used to be"

LIKE MOST good prophets, McLuhan didn't consider himself one. He said he was just investigating what he saw around him. But he more or less predicted the Internet as early as 1966: "Instead of going out and buying a packaged book," he said, "you will go to the telephone, describe your interests, your needs, your problems, and they at once Xerox with the help of computers from the libraries of the world, all the latest material

just for you personally.... This is where we're headed under electronic information conditions." Sounds like a definition of a search engine.

While McLuhan's maxims, "the medium is the message," has become a cliché, few people are familiar with the second half of the axiom—"the user is the content." Again, he could be talking about the Internet. McLuhan also saw that the penetration of modern media into both ways, that it could be potentially liberating, or Orwellian. Anticipating the non-linear critique exemplified by *No Logo*, he said, "Advertising is a war, military operation openly and brazenly intended to conquer the human spirit. The advertiser is a manipulator, yes. He plays around with human beings as if they were big game. It's unkind."

'All advertising advertises advertising'

ALTHOUGH MCCLUHAN was a devout Roman Catholic and a conservative, McManus' film makes a compelling case that he was a revolutionary thinker. "People are cowed by technology," says McMahon. "The optimistic side of McLuhan's message is you've left these things, and you can control them if you understand how they affect you. To me, his message is still really important: There are very few people who deal with technology as a force in and of itself, apart from economics."

Part of what made McLuhan indispensable, especially on the left, was his ability to turn a blind eye to his class and gender bias. In describing how "virtual space" (Barbara Ehrenreich) was going to "accuse spaces" (deleterious culture), he would analyze media as pure technology. While he was discussing LSD (which he never tried) or television (which he rarely watched), he kept refusing to pass judgment. "I'm not advertising anything; I'm merely probing and predicting trends," he insisted during a 1969 Playboy interview. Yes, Playboy! Talk about

a *Playboy* artifact of "virtual space"—a skin magazine front-loaded with Big Ideas.

But that *Playboy* interview (reprinted in a 1995 anthology titled *Essential McLuhan*) offers one of the most cogent and comprehensive overviews of McLuhan's philosophy. When probed, he admits that he has "nothing but distaste for the process of change." But in comparing the tribal potential of the electric age to old-fashioned print-trade, he sounds like a New Age ecological "literate man," he says, "a learned, impoverished man; alienated man can lead a richer and more fulfilling life.... in a sustainable web of interdependence and immunity."

McLuhan faced a profound dilemma. He was an exceptionally literate man, an English professor at the University of Toronto who read several hundred books a year. And his theories grew as easily fromacquaintance with the ancient roots of grammar, rhetoric and logic. But he became famous by going on television and predicting the death of literacy. Periodically, this hyper-literate poseur was a more load than his voice: "As I'm becoming a guru, I think he started to identify with the Da Vinci's wave of adults that he was writing," says author Christopher Dewdney, a fellow of the U of T's McLuhan Program in Culture and Technology. "He allowed such a gulf, an almost autistic identification with this revolution he was describing."

"Mysticism is just tomorrow's science dreamed today"

AS HE TOYED with the media, playing a kind of verbal jazz, McLuhan was, in effect, rematerializing the laundry soot—going back to the oral tradition. At the time, people found him mystifying; now he makes perfect sense. Another wrist should fit me: "McLuhan you keep coming back," says Dewdney, who explores the fabric of technology in *The Footer Goss* (1993) and *Last Floor* (1998). "His ideas have tried to extend his vision in a modified way. But it was no dependent on his personality and the chemistry of his mind. We need somebody like him, a second coming. But there's no [our] apparent." In the meantime, we can always go back to the medium who became the message. And if anyone wants to know, Marshall McLuhan is doing just fine.

He foresees the Internet long before it existed.
His ideas are so familiar
we tend to forget where they came from.



REAR-VIEW VISIONS

Three movies look back at Leonard Cohen, 007—and an Aboriginal outrage

CHANGES ARE YOU'RE already sick of hearing about *Die Another Day*, a feature-length commercial for can, watches, snowmobiles and electric shavers that marks the 40th anniversary of 007's film career. Try reading *Bond*, the character, and Bond—the product is becoming a cliche. Holly wood's longest running franchise is built on an escalating nostalgia for the romance of the "real" Bond, who becomes ever more elusive as time goes on. But before we go looking for James Bond, let's begin by looking for Leonard Cohen, another persona cool character who began to realize his mark as a poet, and an agent of time, around the same time Cohen's *Changes Come* reached #1 on the charts.

Looking for Leopold, an offbeat feature from Montreal, isn't really about Leonard Cohen. He's not mentioned in the script and doesn't even show up for a cameo. But he serves as a kind of phantom presence. No one is actually looking for Leonard in *Looking for Leonard*, except in the sense that every writer in Montreal is, in some level,

looking for Leonard. The story's heroine would rather read Cohen's beautiful *Lover* a second time than have sex with her boyfriend. And woven through the film is a series of clips from the 1965 NFB documentary *Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Leonard Cohen*, black-and-white glances of the bard's young post-rock star in his bath, at his deliriousness—the poison and about town one could imagine, then a raw. The footage is slipped in and out of the movie like a visual soundtrack.

This low-budget feature is a whimsical variation on a vintage scenario—two guys, a girl, a gun and a big ol' coat. The girl is Jo, played with an insatiable edge by Kim Huynh (The *Warder*). She runs corner stores and dry cleaning with her boyfriend (Ben Bratt) and his brother (Dorey Belcher). Bored with a life of petty crime and dead-end romance, the guys pick up by Luka (Jel Benosic), a Czech computer programmer freshly arrived in Montreal. A kiss leads to murder and—to reveal any more would be unfair.

Looking for Leonard was co-written and

co-directed by Matt Blaszczyk (Joel's brother) and Steven Clark, who honed their film at Concordia University in Montreal and worked as bartenders in Japan. (Blaszczyk's wife is actress Molly Parker, who has a small part in the film.) An independently minded student in Jo's creative writing class. With their first feature, these two young duds too have come up with a mentor figure that reveals the inherent origins of independent film. It's popular and quirky, but not in the usual Canadian way. From a stark minimalist to the慷慨dramatic hopping through the documentary score, *Looking for Leonard* feels like the early days of a jarringly honest—stranger *Then We Came to the End*. As bleak as it is reminiscent of French director Alain Resnais.

Some of the characters are thinly sketched, especially the low-life boyfriend played by Bratt. But in the lead role, Huynh is utterly compelling. She's like a Canadian Catherine Keener, keeping everyone off balance with a skittish mix of innocence and vulnerability. Joel Blaszczyk's Luka has the underhanded charm of one of Kaufman's beligerent protagonists. And as Chevy, an affable roundsman who befriends Luka, Justin Theroux (Jo) steals his scenes with a dynamic, fluid, easy-on-the-eye performance which seems all the more authentic, and poignant, when you know that the actor later hung himself. A melancholy况味 lurks behind the girl looking for Leonard, but like the poet who is nowhere to be found, it

has enough magic to keep the blues at bay. Before moving on to the word-free-out sponsor exception of 007, here's a more compelling movie about a real-life escape. *Rabbit-Proof Fence*: From 1900 to 1970, half-caste Aboriginal children were forcibly removed from their families in the Outback to live in foster homes or government institutions, where they were forced to speak their own language, and denied as domestic servants and farm laborers.

Set in 1931, *Rabbit-Proof Fence* is the true story of a spirited young teenage Aboriginal named Molly (Everlyn Sampi) who tries to lead her best friend, Daisy (Tania Ramsay), and young cousin, Gracie (Laura Trearagh), to freedom after escaping from an institution run by nuns. They embark on a 2,500-km odyssey to get back home, using a rabbit-proof fence that bisects the continent as their compass point. Hot on their trail are an Aboriginal tracker, Moodie (David Gulpilil), and a white constable (Quentin Clarke). But the villain of the piece is a government official named A. D. Neville (Barry Pepper), who, as Chief Protectors of the Aborigines, actually believes he is helping the children by abducting them. His master plan is to breed out the Aboriginal race, which he believes is dying, by forcing half-caste to marry full-blood natives.

Based on a 1996 novel by Mooney Mooney (Tori Stephens), a rich girl who also ate a sadistic porridge, *Rabbit-Proof Fence* is shot against rapturous Outback backdrops. It's a well-entertained page-turner. What makes *Rabbit-Proof Fence* so powerful is its transparency whether through acting, costume, a world of ancestral struggle can be glimpsed in the eyes of those children.

For a more refined take of British colonialism, we can now finally turn to *Bond*. *Die Another Day* happens to be directed by an Aboriginal from New Zealand, Māori film-

maker Lee Tamahori (*Once Were Warriors*, *The Edge*), but there's nothing reverent about this addition to the franchise. Antagonizing a new Bond might as well writing for a new tour by the Rolling Stones—another baroque send-off of bad boy English attitude that's enjoying its 40th anniversary. Like the Stones, Bond walks a fine line between self-pity and self-aggrandizement. And even with state-of-the-art nostalgia, it's hard for the act to live up to the expectation.

But Tamahori brings a serrated edge to the 007 formula. *Die Another Day* is a slow-burn average Bond, a generic pageant of fire, ice and water, shenanigans not stirred. In the spirit of the anniversary, it's filled with homages to past films. And the usual droning harpsichord touches—noisily—but opening title sequence, an aquatic gambo of seorpions, mermades and mermaid maces.

During the middle of the Cold War, the story begins in North Korea, where Bond (Pierce Brosnan) is tortured and imprisoned for 14 months after a hovercraft chase through a minefield in the demilitarized zone. Emerging with a hairy beard—which allows a perfect placement for a mustache—he's discarded by British intelligence. It takes a while for him to get his job back, but soon he's building his own organization (and soon his own). A former elegantly dressed and with discerning shaped, and George Graves (Toby Stephens), a rich girl who also ate a sadistic porridge, *Rabbit-Proof Fence* is shot against rapturous Outback backdrops.

But the high-tens action, which ranges from Coles to London, eventually gets serious. Oddly, the most threatening scene is an old-fashioned sword fight, despite a Madonna cameo as a fencing instructor. As for the Bond girls, there's Monica Bellucci (*James Bond*), a femme fatale ice queen, and June Cleary, a glocken-door American spy. While Bond looks fabulous, she seems awkward, almost embarrassed, in the role. Bond has all the fun, and the sex. While he has a ring that can explode plastic bags, she spends ages trapping an ice palace just trying to prop open a sliding door. Bond, meanwhile, has grown into the Bond-like archetypal hero. He's found the only emotional center of an unendurable character: "While you were away, the world changed," M's tells Bond, in an oblique reference to Sept. 11. "But not for me," snaps 007, reaffirming that this is one character immune to the real world.



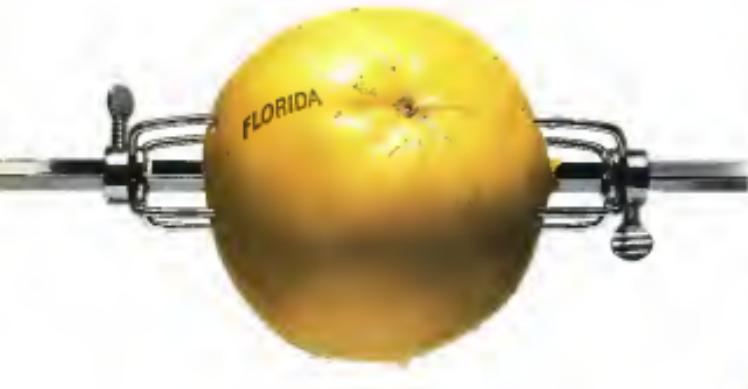
007: WIREIMAGE © 2002

COURTESY OF KATHY HUYNH; COURTESY OF KAREN SIEGEL



The runaway children in *Rabbit-Proof Fence* are shot against rapturous Outback backdrops.

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ROGERS

CLOSING NOTES

MUSIC | 72

John Mayer and his hot licks
This 25-year-old from Northfield, Conn., is confident—some would say arrogant. But he's undeniably a guitar whiz who has reached a wide audience with his singing and song-writing prowess. And he's recently discovered what he wants to be when he grows up



PEOPLE | 73

The couple that dances together
Singer Kurt Remington and actress Leslie Stefanson make their move for a TV special and each other.



FILM | Extreme auteurs, athletes and adolescents

Who says Canadians can't make action pictures? This country's new generation of filmmakers are adolescents armed with digital video cameras. And their films are seen around the world. Early in November, Daniel Klaghofer, 15, of Roberts Creek, B.C., became the youngest director ever to win a prize at the Banff Mountain Film Festival. The *Embrace of Adolescence* is a happy seven-minute montage of teens involving snowboards, snowshoes and BMX bikes—quick-cut to hip hop, punk and reggae tunes. Klaghofer used over 100 pads of older, professional competitors to win the best film on Mountain Sports award. Along with other Banff winners, *Embrace of Adolescence* will tour Canada and 28 countries around the world. Klaghofer aspires to be another Steven Spielberg—"he started at a really young age, like I did." But his mind-blowing stuff would not have been possible without his mother, Bevona. She jumped in to direct the rights for the songs on the soundtrack to help him show the film without being sued. Another young director, Angus Brown, 16, from North Vancouver, has made a 40-minute skateboard video, *Sabotage and Health*, with a cast of teen extreme athletes, including his 13-year-old brother, Miles. Son of the late director Phillip Morris (the *Reef*), Angus has filmed a fury, off-the-wall edgy ride to kids who fly over rolling hills and concrete structures. Angus has staged a few public screenings for friends. The offering is set to a soundtrack packed with him. So if he wants to take the film any higher, his mother needs to start shopping for the rights to Pink Floyd and the Rolling Stones.

Kingsbury (above)

In a prize-winning director, Bevona and Health (below)

THE DETAILS

For more on the Banff Mountain Film Festival, <http://www.banff.ca>; www.sabotageandhealth.com

Sixteen Spielberg

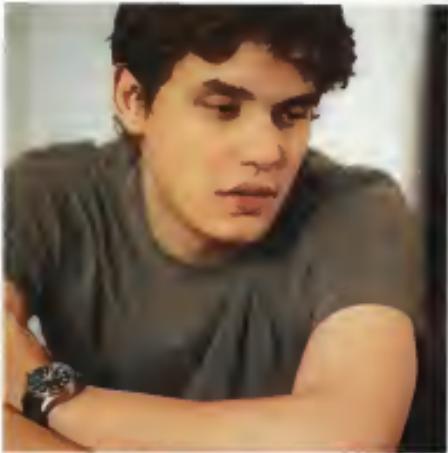
The Boys in the Band
By Larry Kramer
Actor Mark Ruffalo and celebrity photographers—fashion models were voted most attractive. The latest style: The artistry of Neil Gaiman's comic book examples from French, Indian and African designers. Starting back to the 1970s—cont'd.

Sixteen Spielberg
Dir. Judd Apatow
Dec. 6-12
The adolescent king Gabe (Dustin Hoffman) begins his quest to cut the part in line for the holiness, terminal

Photo: contributions by karen mitchell

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY 11

MACLEAN'S | DECEMBER 2, 2002



Music | He writes the songs—and they're all about him

John Mayer loves being the centre of attention. "I'm the star in all my songs," says the guitar hero from Newfield, Conn. "There's third-person narrative, hearing 'he' and 'she' in music. That's up-to-me-looking out over a trailer-park country stuff, well not the type of music I ever want to make." A bit通俗? But Mayer, 25, is living a charmed life. His first full-length album, *Room for Squares*, is a major success. So far John knighted him once of today's top young performers, and the solo-three-song-contractor has just emerged from a highly publicized romance with actress Jennifer Love Hewitt. His days purring guitars in restaurants song and night playing guitars in small clubs are now a distant memory.

JOHN INTINI

While Mayer caters to a wide-ranging fan base, there's a high percentage of teenage girls in the crowd. He caters to good taste. "There is something in the music that relates to me; it's an album that hopefully has a bit of everything for everyone." But, according to Mayer, there will be less youthful exuberance in his next recording. "I've proven I can write a song with 100 chords," he says. "Now for Squares was a big 'what do I want to be when I get older?' sort of music. I have better ideas what I want to be now." He says he wants to be a performer, not just a guy with impressive guitar licks. So he plans to write songs that sound good live songs that'll see John Mayer



Diversions | Avery Haines

Here's what the Toronto-based host of *Health on the Line* (Globe Network) and *Children's Health Checkup* is reading:

THE #2 LINT by Anna Quaino. "It's a revision of the book *#1 DARNED*. It's centered on Diane—Diana's only daughter—who gets about two lives in the After."

NICKEL AND DIMED by Barbara Ehrenreich. "The author tried to live for three months on minimum wage in the U.S. and exposes how horrific it is."

Books | The coy Victorian

The first challenge in reading *The Crimson Petal and the White* is simply its size. Once you get past the book's 274 (inch-thick) pages (and cover), the next challenge is putting it down. The reader is immediately entranced, quickly lured into the bed of an 1870s London prostitute and set on a journey that weaves through the lives of fascinating characters—orphans and religious do-gooders, a frustrated perfumer and a relentless killer, a ruthless madman and his daughter, Sugar, the city's most assaultive妓女. To be fair, it's really Sugar's story. By night, the 19-year-old, who has Freckles initials, is a fabulous intellect and a boyish figure, sometimes honest to the whines of men, swelling popularity and giving nothing away. By day, she excoriates her cage in her novels, *The Fall and Rise of Sugar*, wherein men plead for their favors as she invents new forms of torture. But through her association with William, a failed writer who shares his family's perfume business, Sugar matures, learns, becomes more vulnerable and less able to hide her anger behind a smile.

The author of *The Crimson Petal and the White*, Michel

Kabak, describes the novel as a "dystopian" tale—he and Sugar are similar creatures, but where the book is harsh, its personified dialectic is Sugar-like vulnerability and lacrimeux coq. The *Sugar-bean*, Australia-raised and now a Scotland-based Peter AG does not gloss over anything in his novel—from the triviality of the sheets to the turns-and-twirls endings at Williams' valentine in an interview his photos part any of the hard-shells he might have developed during the 28-years of writing this book. "The story," he says, "just comes from deep inside of me."

Peter, who wrote the original version in long hand while a student of Victoria Barratt at Melbourne university, chose for an "architectural structure" reminiscent of the classic 18th-century novel, such as George Eliot's *Middlemarch*. You very literally grabbing people viscously."

In short, "Peter is also a Properly analytical writer." The book, incredibly besides, is also #1 times deeply enchanting. "In making the reader to come with me to some very dark places," he says, "it's so important for me to have that kind of trust." And in the end, Peter's ultimate message—one he and Sugar both believed in the course of this novel—is compelling. "When you open yourself up to love and others, you're going to lose a lot of the clinging and attachment that you get from rage. But it's still worth it."

JANIS CAMERON



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People | Always on their toes

They live near Toronto's Casa Loma, the home of Kurt Browning and Sandra Rodriguez, a hard to find. Making the house number visible from the street was on the couple's list of summer projects, but with their busy schedules, it fell by the wayside. Rodriguez, 29, a principal dancer for the National Ballet of Canada, is currently performing in *The Firebird*. And Browning, 36, spent his first few days of the year with an ice. The four-time world figure skating champion gave up his amateur status in 1994 and has been touring and competing as a professional ever since. It's a hectic life, but grueling too—he performs in 70 cities

for Sean on ice before he gets any time off next spring. Scarcely his day as an amateur, there's little time for training and practice. "As a professional," he says, "there's nothing but events." When brownsing is away, Leah, a Portuguese water dog, keeps Rodriguez company.

Recently, the couple—who were married six years ago—have been working together on a TV special, *Kurt Browning's Gotcha Show*. The two-hour show, which airs Nov. 30 on the W Network, integrates stories (including Brian Orser, Josée Chouinard, Liu Chen, and the Russian 2002 Olympic gold medallists, Elena Ilinichina and Anton Sikharulidze), education (Deborah Cox and Edens & The Preussans) and dances

browsing and reading: work and play together—now if she can't skate.

[AntiGravity and, of course, Rodriguez] The challenge, says Browning, is to "blend them so they don't look like a jumbled mess." In order to perform together on the show, the couple had to get creative. Rodriguez can be seen dancing on stage or on a chair or in Browning's arms. But the ballerina's feet never touch the ice—the can't risk an injury. And while she owns a pair of handily made skates which Browning gave her for Christmas, she doesn't know how to use them. "When I hang up the peacock shoes," says Rodriguez, "I'll bring the skates out."

HILLEN RUSTY

Books | The path of glory

For 32 years the annual magazine *Awards of Improbable Research* has honored out-of-left-field, improbable research. Now Author and Ig founder Marc Abrahams has written *An Ig Nobel Prize Book*, a history of the estimations that describes many of the field's luminaries. They include a New York entrepreneur who invented car valves that can iota the oil level and "carefully noted what happened afterwards"; and several Canadians. Among the latter is Troy Humble of North Bay, Ont., who took the 1998 Ig for Safety Engineering for his braking response that for his safety-prevet self of minor injury itself. Humble served a blot from a 22-gauge shotgun a bullet hit a 20-ft tall and an attack by three large lobsters armed with baseball bats. Naturally he and his wife got out, which caused the bankruptcy court temporarily relieved to him, was granted with wild cheering at closing. "I'm just a simple man from Northern Ontario, standing in the hallowed halls of science," the teacher had later explained. A law professor told the crowd, "You still have anxiety."



BESTSELLERS

Fiction

	REVIEWER'S CHOICE	IMPERFECT
1. <i>THE POLISHING LINE</i> , Adriana Trigiani (3)	3	
2. <i>THE REVENGE OF THE CROWS</i> , Day-Vivienne Goh (3)	2	
3. <i>A HABIBIAN AFFAIR</i> , Gail Anderson-Darling (3)	3	
4. <i>THE NAVIGATOR OF NEW YORK</i> , William Styron (3)	4	
5. <i>REVEREABLE FORTRESS</i> , Louise Erdrich (3)	3	
6. <i>THE LADY IN THE VAN</i> , Alan Bennett (3)	3	
7. <i>UNREAL GIRL</i> , Gert Lederman (3)	2	
8. <i>THE LEFT-FOOT FRIENDS</i> , Dennis Lehane (3)	3	
9. <i>BAUHAUS</i> , Christopher Isherwood (3)	3	
10. <i>SWEET MATTERS</i> , Natasha Myskiw (3)	3	

Non-fiction

1. <i>THE POLISHING LINE</i> , Adriana Trigiani (3)	3
2. <i>STYLING WHITE MARB</i> , Michael Sparer (3)	1
3. <i>DESPITE YOU</i> , Helen Rosner (3)	3
4. <i>TESTAMENT OF MEMORY</i> , David Remnick (3)	3
5. <i>PLUM & PINEAPPLE</i> , Charlotte Grey (3)	3
6. <i>BEAT WITH A STICK</i> , Tony Horwitz (3)	3
7. <i>CONVERT ENERGY</i> , Michael McCormick (3)	3
8. <i>ISABEL</i> , Linda Greenlaw (3)	4
9. <i>WATER & POWER</i> , Emily Maitlis (3)	3
10. <i>THE MARSHING COUNTER</i> , Linda Hepp (3)	3

11. *IDEAS*, Michael Sparer
12. *CHARACTER*, Linda Hepp

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MY BIG FAT GREEK STORY

In which our writer, whose wife is in the movie, undergoes the real experience

MY WIFE AND I HAD just arrived at Leon's (a Pearson airport) preparing to leave for our "big fat Greek wedding" getaway, when a fan of horn came slapping out of nowhere. Bubbly, therefore, at her nad—26, the woman pounced excitedly at my wife, Stavrosia Logothetis. "You're in this movie, aren't you?" she blurted out. Pleasantly startled, Stavrosia answered in the affirmative. Neither mentioned the film's name, which was understood. "I loved it," the woman chorused. "I've seen it three times. You were great."

These days, I think Stavrosia would be the occasional fan, whether I like it or not. After all, my wife, born in Athens and a long time Canadian citizen, isn't recognized often. Still, that it happens at all is freaky. I should have seen it coming—but then again, no one was counting. Who would have guessed that *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* would become synonymous with "the most successful independent film in the world"? (Last weekend, the movie was expected to top US\$300 million in box-office earnings.) That's kind of saying something, though I had had the chance to negotiate a percent age, and with them come public recognition for even the bit players—like my wife.

It's been interesting. A few things have happened with fans that, were they to happen again, might cause me to take a slow, cautious step backward and start looking for the exit. There's something weird about strangers noticing your wife. Don't get me wrong—Stavrosia appreciates their kindness, and I do, too. It's just that sometimes, that do things that otherwise they'd never consider doing. Greek Wedding has changed my life, and in some ways, it is my life.

For those who haven't seen the film, it's about a Greek woman who flies all over with a single goal—ensuring, in this case, a celebrated Anglo-Saxon. Greek clichés ensue, with the loud, tactile Greeks on the bride's side overwhelming the groom's stiff, WASP parents, who have a pronounced aversion to dancing. Stavrosia plays Athena, a Geekly-making machine, and older sister to

the lead character played by Nia Vardalos, the Winnipeg-born, newly married authoress who wrote the screenplay.

As in the movie, I'm a non-Greek (though I'm not, it should be clear, a WASP) who married into a Greek family. The Greek father plays the heavy. In my life, it's been usually been my mother-in-law. When Stavrosia and I sold her place to get married, she looked at me sternly and asked, "Darry, you seriously?" I was baptised in a Ukrainian Orthodox Church, I told her, leaving out the part about how I've rarely been back since. She stared her self and sighed, "Bingo, Darry, Bingo."

Six years of marriage later, Stavrosia and I found ourselves on our first trip to Greece together to meet her uncle, whom we'd never seen. Given the movie's import, it made for a particularly interesting time. Around our light, Stavrosia and I didily wowed strangers in a conversation. When the woman found out my wife is in the movie, she purchased a tape recorder from her purse. "Just say a few words for my granddaughter, would you please?" Stavrosia scribbled frantically.



Stavrosia Logothetis, the real and ensemble

"big fat hello," trying to be funny. Another passenger who overheard them judged Stavrosia roughly: "So, you're in that movie," he said, sounding doubtful. Then he grabbed my wife's arm in his hand and turned her head in profile, as you might a horse. She pushed him away. "Hey, I am," she said between clenched teeth. Mediterranean blood boiling and a few choice words left unsaid.

That's where our arrival Let it be said that in this case, art—well, this movie in particular—does imitate life, as in my life. While some critics have complained that Greek Wedding perpetuates stereotypes, when we met Stavrosia's eponymous family (from the Greek word *kukhliki*), it resembled one of the scenes in the movie where two dons shouting, dancing Greeks grabbed the groom's parents for what was supposed to have been "a quiet dinner." They welcomed me with open arms, fed me, plied me with imported beer. When they roared and the other rolled among themselves, it sometimes sounded like an argument. They'd laugh when I asked what was wrong. "Nothing," someone would say. "We're just talking." We stayed with cousin Nick (one of the Nickis in the family) and his wife Galina. They couldn't do enough for us and were wonderful.

Cousin Vasilis, on the other hand, worried me. He reminded me of the brother of Stavrosia's character in Greek Wedding (also named Nick, a different brother), a guy who can get you a deal on stuff that falls off the back of a truck. Vasilis is a big guy, six feet, smooth broad shoulders like built concrete walls for a living. His eyelids have a punch-drunk droop. "Yerfie, Darry, welcome to the brother." That was the problem. He seemed eager to party hardy. Vasilis says he lives for today. "This is very good," he said companionably with a laugh, "and very bad." He never fully explained. I avoided Vasilis.

What did Stavrosia think of Greater tank of the film? Some had seen it. They thought it was...narr. But the unapologetic verdict was, what's the big deal? For them, more than anything else Greek Wedding ring true. Sure, it has clichés—but then again, so does life. What the film captured was what we found in writing Stavrosia's family: that Greek passion for life. I didn't know how I lived without it. Opa!

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